FREE INSIDE: 8-PAGE TELEVISION GUIDE

Week ending September 20 1952
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

Starting this week:
ESCAPE-OR DIE

by PAUL BRICKHILL

Author of THE DAM BUSTERS

DRY SCALP can make you look middle-aged at 30

DRY, LIFELESS, unmanageable hair, or dandruff in the parting or on the collar —these are danger signals that you should not treat lightly. They mean Dry Scalp—a condition that not only looks ugly, but often leads to more serious trouble.

You can, however, easily end Dry Scalp. Massage in a few drops of 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic for 20 seconds every day, gently moving the whole scalp. You'll soon find that the symptoms disappear—your scalp will feel better, your hair look better and stay tidily in place all day.

Treatment with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic isn't expensive: a bottle costs 2/9d., or 4/3d. for double the quantity, and you only need a few drops. If Dry Scalp has already made your hair recede at the temples or thin on top, your best chance of preventing it getting worse is to start your treatment with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic *now*.

Vaseline* HAIR TONIC

THE DRESSING THAT ENDS DRY SCALP

How to keep hair smart and young-looking The secret is a daily scalp massage with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. You only need a few drops, worked gently in so that the whole scalp moves under your fingers. Adopt this routine, and your hair will stay healthy and young-looking, and will keep tidily in place all day.

* "Vaseline" is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Ltd.

EDITORIAL

TV's Chance

LIKE GETTING MARRIED, buying a television set has become an event which is happening sooner or later to almost everyone, however long and hard it may be resisted.

Television is now a real force both in entertainment and education.

But it is in the coverage of national events, like the late King's funeral, that it reveals its true importance.

In the visits to cricket and football grounds, to horse shows and military tattoos, and to the streets of London and Paris, the little glass screen in the living-room becomes a window on the world.

IN a special message to JOHN BULL readers, printed on the opening page of our GUIDE TO TELEVISION in this issue, Mr. George Barnes says:

"Our next task is to make the B.B.C.'s television programme . . . reflect the life of the whole country."

And he points out that many of the men and women featured in this JOHN BULL supplement are already busy on that task.

Mr. Barnes is Director of Television Broadcasting. His words promise well for the future.

BARNES
The way ahead

How the nation lives, plays, works—and dies—should be the raw material of great television.

THE opportunity has, as yet, only partly been grasped. Whatever the faults of American TV (and they are many), it has a flexibility which viewers would like to feel exists here.

American viewers saw democracy in vivid action at the Chicago political conventions this summer. More than twenty million Americans watched the Kefauver Committee's investigations into crime.

Over here, the Royal Commission on Divorce, whose hearings were open to the public, would have had a huge television audience. The question was not even raised.

MANY TV hazards face the B.B.C. Commercial interests may soon be setting up in opposition.

Some sports promoters keep the B.B.C. out because they fear the effect on their "gates." Technically, the service is still not perfect.

But live television, with truly national programmes, can surmount all the obstacles.

This, as Mr. Barnes indicates, is easier said than done.

But the B.B.C. can feel confident that the nation is behind every effort by TV to seize its chance.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

WILLIAM TIMYM, Viennese-born cartoonist and painter of animal studies who calls himself "Tim," saw this scene at a London pet shop. There were four puppies in the window: a Boxer and two Spaniels—one being worried by a Sealyham. Tim has been a Boxer-owner for many years. Sad to say, his dog Pluto died two weeks ago. He had it for ten years. Now he's looking for another.

What does *your* child drink at Breakfast?

IT has long been generally accepted that breakfast is a particularly important meal for children. This is confirmed by food authorities who say that children should get a fourth to a third of their daily food requirements at breakfast time.

A good breakfast will give your children the start they need to do their best at school. On the other hand an inadequate breakfast may lead to disappointing results in school-work by causing poor concentration and lack of alertness.

In planning your children's breakfasts, do not forget the importance of serving a nourishing hot drink. In many homes the regular breakfast beverage for children is delicious 'Ovaltine'; and that is a wise choice because 'Ovaltine' is an easily digested food supplement which contributes towards the nutritive value of the meal.

'Ovaltine' provides nutritive properties, including vitamins, which help to make the diet more capable of supplying the nourishment which children need for satisfactory development. 'Ovaltine' also assists in rendering available the energy they use up so freely.

Remember, too, that 'Ovaltine' is so delicious that it does much to make breakfast a real pleasure to children. So start tomorrow and let your children enjoy 'Ovaltine' at this all-important meal every morning.

Make delicious

Ovaltine

Your Child's Breakfast Beverage

P. 846A

How little can a good watch cost?

TO PUT it another way—how do we manage to offer you this splendid new range of Kelton '21' wrist-watches at such easy-to-afford prices? There are three answers. Kelton '21' are made in an ultra-modern factory where top efficiency lowers costs. They are made on the same high-precision machines used for making high-priced watches. They are British-made and free from duty. See these handsome, wonderfully reliable watches at your jeweller's. *Compare them, try them on, judge for yourself!*

26 NEW MODELS

in chromium or 'Algold' cases with or without sweep second hands, luminous or non-luminous.

LADIES' *from* **60/-**
MEN'S *from* **55/-**

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THE RIGHT TIME AT THE RIGHT PRICE

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Be REGULAR without EFFORT

Here is good news for those who have trouble in keeping their systems 'regular'.

A special laxative—'Mil-Par'* is now on sale which will give them just the help they need. Actually it is a very fine combination of

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'* with a selected grade of **MEDICINAL PARAFFIN**

'Milk of Magnesia' is, of course, unrivalled as a mild antacid-laxative. Together with Medicinal Paraffin it gives just that lubricating action which ensures 'regularity' without effort—so much better than purging. This is why, for instance, it has been found specially good for sufferers from hæmorrhoids.

Be regular with 'Mil-Par'!

'MIL-PAR' REGD.
FOR
EFFORTLESS REGULARITY

** The words 'Mil-Par' and 'Milk of Magnesia' are the registered trade marks of The Chas. H. Phillips Chemical Company Limited.*

Free Speech

Learning to laugh at the locksmith

DESIGNED to bewilder all but the most brilliant engineering students, a "mechanical aptitude" test was held in the first week of my National Service training. Bicycle pumps and locks had to be reassembled in set times. The locks gave us most trouble.

Later, we were bemoaning our failures in the canteen, when a small, insignificant conscript piped up: "The locks were the easiest of the lot." The genius added: "That was the trade they taught me at Borstal." To demonstrate his art, he opened every lock in the billet with a piece of wire. In our ten weeks' basic training not a single article was missed by anyone in the room. Borstal had done him good. —M. J. R. WALKER, 65 Bebington Road, Rock Ferry, Cheshire.

No Novice Nurse

AFTER seven years in the nursing profession, I have become a district nurse. I love my job, meet many people and travel miles every day on a decrepit push-bike. But countless people assume that I am a "learner." Such remarks as: "Suppose you're new to nursing, ducks," and "Don't suppose you've ever seen an operation," make me hopping mad. No nurse is let loose upon the masses until she is fully qualified.—AGNES G. BLACK, S.R.N., Q.N.S., 50 Chichester Road, Edmonton, London, N.9.

Hoarding Husbands

MOTORING through Conway in Wales, we had to pay a bridge toll and, returning a few hours later, had to pay again as my husband had thrown away the ticket. Yet at home it is hard work to get him to throw away anything. His pockets are full of scraps of paper, rusty nails and bits of pencil.—MRS. F. M. GARLICK, 242 Bromford Lane, West Bromwich, Staffordshire.

Golf And Soda

SURELY those wives who allow their husbands to go off on so-called "golfing weekends" cannot know what really happens. I am in the hotel business

and I know. The men arrive with their golf clubs, sweaters and white caps, but their sport is strictly indoor. They park their clubs in the hall, park themselves in the bar and, as the weekend passes, their handicaps increase in proportion to the whiskies and sodas consumed.—MISS F., Isle of Man.

Venerable Cars

IN the article about the Royal Daimlers (JOHN BULL, August 23), you have captioned a photograph of King Edward VII sitting in a Daimler, as "the first Royal Daimler." I would like to point out that the car in this photograph—a 12-h.p. Daimler—belonged to my father, who is seen sitting beside the King, then Prince of Wales. This was the first occasion, in July, 1899, that the King was taken for a drive in a motor car and it was not until several months later that he ordered a car similar to that which was owned by my father. The house in the background is Highcliffe Castle and my father had driven over from Beaulieu specially to take the King for a drive.

The original of this photograph was taken by a local schoolmaster and is now in my motor car museum at Beaulieu.—MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU, Palace House, Beaulieu, Hants.

. . . The article revived memories of motoring since 1904 in most of the old cars, such as De Dions, Panhards, Benz and Daimlers of the type King Edward is shown seated in. There were no filling stations or repair shops in those days, and the driver relied on his skill and tools to get himself home. Roads, mostly loose gravel tracks, were muddy in winter and raised clouds of dust in summer. I think that Kent County Council first experimented with tar spraying, but it was very crude and most of the tar arrived home with the car.—WILLIAM WALSH, 69 Waterhouse Lane, Shirley, Southampton.

"A fine and rewarding book"
"Top-seller among the novels"

So said the critics of

WINDOM'S WAY

by JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN

The book that is sweeping America

COMING SOON IN JOHN BULL

Sharing The Beat

VISITING Spain, I was surprised to see policemen on duty directing traffic while accompanied by their wives. A similar innovation in this country might provide the incentive for recruiting more young men into the police force.—J. R. ATKINSON, 3 Warrel's Terrace, Bramley, Leeds.

Generous Children

ON my shop counter is a collecting box for the R.S.P.C.A. Women are slightly more generous than men, who put practically nothing in the box. Children are astounding. They come in, ask for a threepenny lollipop—animal shape—look at the box and say, "I'll have a twopenny one," and put the penny change in the box. They do this several times a week.—MRS. M. ORME, 91 Broad Lane, Tottenham, London, N.15.

Love Letter

MORE than three years ago I read in JOHN BULL a letter from a girl in Cefn-Hengoed, Glamorgan, asking why the humour in commonplace objects like chickens and shoes, and "the droll expressions on the fronts of automobiles" did not make more people smile. Her letter, which appeared on April 23, 1949, so intrigued me that I wrote to her saying that I had seen, in my workshop that day, a lorry with a long, grinning bonnet. Through this I have found a bride. I fell in love with her letter, and later with the writer when she visited me after several months of correspondence. She is a young schoolteacher, Miss Gloria Pandy, and at her twenty-first birthday

Ronald and Gloria

party last month we became engaged. —RONALD COLEMAN, Evesham, Worcs.

Holiday At Home

HAVING lived in Cambridge all my life, I realized, when reading how Jennifer tried to answer Angela's questions about England in *The Far Country* (JOHN BULL, August 9) that if anyone asked me where each college was, I would not be able to tell them. So I decided to spend my holiday this year taking my daughter to see the world-famous colleges of our own town, and to find out as much about them as if we had travelled a long way to Cambridge. Our holiday was educational *and* enjoyable. — MRS. ELSIE CULLUM, 317 Ditton Fields, Cambridge.

Inside Stuff

AS a Cornishman, I was horrified by Nevil Shute's description of a Cornish pasty (JOHN BULL, August 30) made of cold mutton, cold potato and onion. A real Cornish pasty consists of raw beef, raw potato, turnip and onion, with a little chopped parsley, if desired, for flavour.—A. L. DREW, 11 Club Buildings, Rowley Regis, Birmingham.

. . . My wife, who frequently cooks Cornish pasties, never uses mutton, but beef, leeks and potatoes.—A. CROSS, 39 Gainsborough Avenue, Burnley, Lancashire.

A Cornishwoman cookery expert gives this recipe: Onions, diced beef, potatoes and carrots, with seasoning, all put in raw before cooking the pasty.

The Peaceful Sport

THE water rented by the fishing club to which I belong passes through a meadow at present occupied by a colossal shorthorn bull and a bunch of heifers. Every three or four hours the bull leaves his harem and strolls along

the river bank, whereupon any fishermen at the scene take refuge in a tree. This "showing the flag" lasts only a few minutes, after which the bull goes away and the fishermen return to their sport.—ANGLER, Ewell, Surrey.

Silence In The Bank

BEING a bank manager, may I attempt to explain the different demeanour of customers waiting in a post office ("Free Speech," August 30) from those

Continued on page 6

"They are by no means all the same, Sir . . ."

Mr. Young Husband "*But I thought all settee-beds were called Put-u-ups.*"

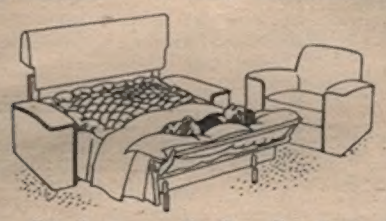
Salesman "Many people are under that impression, but they are by no means all the same. Take this suite for instance. This is a genuine Put-u-up. You can be certain when you see this Blue Ribbon on the settee back."

Mrs. Y. H. "*Then a Put-u-up is the best make of settee-bed?*"

Salesman "In my opinion it certainly is, madam. Put-u-up *invented* the settee-bed over forty-five years ago. Naturally, with such experience behind them, you get *better value*, a well tested mechanism, and many exclusive features."

Mr. Y. H. "*That seems reasonable. But is the Put-u-up more expensive than other makes?*"

Salesman "Not at all, sir. This Model 611 Put-u-up, fully upholstered, costs £29–5–0. Chairs £16–2–0 each, plus £3–10–0 for the overlay mattress. A really remarkable price when you remember that the settee contains a comfortable, sprung double bed. There are other models from £20–16–0, all tax free."



Mrs. Y. H. "*I'm not certain I like this particular design — or this covering.*"

Salesman: "There are over a dozen different designs and many alternative coverings. We don't show all the designs here — but I'm sure you'll see something you'd like in the catalogue."

Mr. Y. H. "*We must have a Put-u-up — it's going to solve a real space problem for us.*"

Salesman "It will indeed, sir. In fact, I've heard many young couples say that without a Put-u-up Suite they would have hesitated to get married. It meant that they could have a nice home without waiting for larger accommodation."

. . . don't be misled—insist on the genuine

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P.120

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NEVER!

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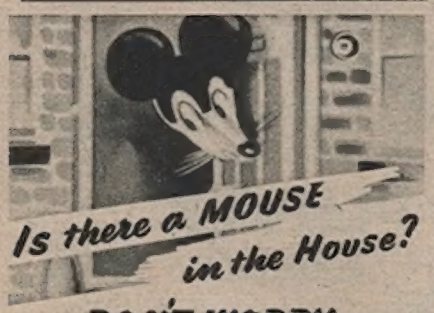

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Smee's

Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

waiting in a bank. In the post office, it is a case of "take it or leave it," and there is nothing one can do about poor service except to go to another post office. At a bank, there is an understanding between it and its customers, who know that they will get courteous and efficient service as soon as their turn comes. If they do not, there is always a competitor eager to expand his business. — BANKER, Scotland.

. . . Post office officials tend to treat some customers as social callers, so there is a delay while baby's cough, a new dress or the merits of a current film are discussed. It is this irrelevance in a public service building that causes much irritation.—WILLIAM HODGSON, 25 Duke Street, West Hartlepool, Co. Durham.

To The Chariots!

ELDERLY folk seem unable to fit into the seaside scene in these "accent-on-youth" days. When I was young, everybody bathed, but now only the young and glamorous put on beach wear. Older women, and those who have had large families, are too conscious of their figure faults to enjoy the exhilarations of the sea. Those cumber-

The way it used to be

some, but picturesque horse-drawn bathing machines could be the answer, with the privacy of their dressing-room on wheels and the discreet ladder into the water. If they were brought back to the beaches, some of us could really enjoy our holidays instead of just looking and longing.—MRS. H. A. T., Surrey.

School Elevenses

WHY isn't ice-cream served in our schools instead of plain milk? I am one of the many who hate drinking this liquid. Younger children, I am sure, would make no fuss about eating ice-cream in the middle of the morning. —J. R. DANGERFIELD, 28 Northfields, Twyford, Hants.

Stern comment from the Ministry of Food: An ounce of milk contains double the amount of calcium and protein in an ounce of ice-cream. The chief function of milk is to provide these ingredients for building the body, and ice-cream is no substitute. Milk is very necessary for helping the proper growth of children.

Goodbye Kiss

NEIGHBOURS of Mrs. Anne Amos ("Free Speech," August 30) are not ashamed when they look the other way as she kisses her husband at the gate. It is the natural sensitiveness of the English. Like myself, I expect, they prefer to wave their husbands to and from their homes, but, in private, to give and receive the kiss just as heartily.—MRS. H. M. W., Essex.

Heavyweight

OUTSIDE a garage I saw a saloon car with a "For Sale" board propped in front of it. The car was offered at 1s. per pound. The vendor had been having difficulty in obtaining a price which he considered fair, and had set out to get it in this unusual and eye-catching way.—H. V. GULLEN, 2 Hallfold, Whitworth, Rochdale, Lancashire.

On the same reckoning, a new Ford Consul saloon (15.6 h.p.) would cost £113 2s. The market price is £732 12s. 3d. inc. tax. A Morris two-door saloon (8 h.p.) would cost £86 16s. Market value after the expiration of the two years' covenant is between £600 and £650.

Dangerous Laundry

LAUNDRIES who fix metal number tags on to clean washing should use a safer method. The tags have spiked ends and are supposed to be pressed down. But when the laundry arrives, it always happens that a tag or two is left open. I have found them when putting on socks—the tag went under a nail — and in towels.—A. M., South Wales.

On The Mat

HUSBANDS, I have noticed, wipe their feet before entering hotels, theatres and churches. Their wives, even when wearing low-heeled shoes, seldom do. Does a woman's domestic occupation excuse her this act of consideration—a sort of railwayman's free ticket—or are the movements necessary for the execution of such an operation considered unladylike?—MALCOLM G. E. JOHNSON, 95 Rebbeck Road, Boscombe East, Bournemouth.

A Thing Of Beauty

IN my front garden, fourteen feet long by one foot wide, I grow twenty varieties of flowers, from an American pillar rambler to lilies-of-the-valley. All these plants come up every year, as fresh and beautiful as ever. To fill in small spaces, I manage another dozen or so lobelias, hocks and snapdragons. Apart from two doses of manure each year, the strip has not been dug in twelve years. In this busy town, the bright patch gives me great pleasure and brings with it a breath of the countryside. — MRS. G. ROBINSON, 3 Otterburn Street, Showfield, Keighley.

Artist's Pram

MALCOLM HAYLETT'S cover painting (JOHN BULL, August 30) is delightful, but my wife insists that the struts on the pram hood have been painted the wrong way round. — D. ROBBINS, Wood Street, Eastville Bristol.

Haylett's struts

The artist was right. A leading pram manufacturer says: It's a matter of taste when the pram is being designed. The most expensive prams have their struts as the artist painted.

The Far Eldorado

READING Nevil Shute's *The Far Country* set me hunting for a copy of *The Australasian*, dated June 1, 1878. I have kept this faded and yellowing newspaper page all my life. It tells the story of how my uncle, old Sam Beardmore, a gold prospector, struck it lucky at Keller's Creek, near Wood's Point [mentioned in *The Far Country* on September 6] by finding a gold nugget weighing 113½ ounces.—SAMUEL BEARDMORE, 81 Albemarle Road, Newcastle, Staffordshire.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

THIS picture of myself as a somewhat extra-Ordinary Seaman of H.M.S. *Vanguard* was taken somewhere safely ashore during the first World War. The same Ordinary Seaman served during the second World War in H.M.S. *Illustrious*—in more conventional rig.

My father was an actor and my mother was, and still is, an actress—Margaret Scudamore. I was born in theatrical lodgings over a paper shop in Bristol. Six months later I was christened in Australia, where I toured for three years and made my first appearance on any stage as an infant in my father's arms in one of his own plays.

Touring in Australia in those days was tough. Australian landladies seem to have been eccentric. One kept snakes and a pair of magpies; the birds terrified my mother by continually darting at my very blue eyes. There was another landlady who, when I got too hot, used to stand me under the pump with my clothes on and let me dry off in the sun.

At the age of five, I watched my mother act in an old melodrama. In the last act she had to clasp her long-lost son to her bosom and cry "My son, my son." The fact that the "son" was played by a mature actress caused me to "top" her line with one of my own from the pit. "She's *not* your son. I'm your son." The house burst into laughter and I into tears. I was bribed out of the theatre by an attendant with chocolates and I never went to see *that* play again.

My mother and stepfather gave me a good education—though I failed to achieve a school certificate owing to a violent distaste for mathematics and physics. I later achieved an honours degree at Cambridge, becoming a B.A. in 1929, an M.A. in 1950. In between those times I was a journalist, a tutor, and for three years taught modern languages at a public school.

But blood will out, and in 1934 I gave up teaching and got myself a £4-a-week job in "rep," where I followed father's footsteps in marrying the leading lady.

Today he is a famous actor. *For his name, see page 39*

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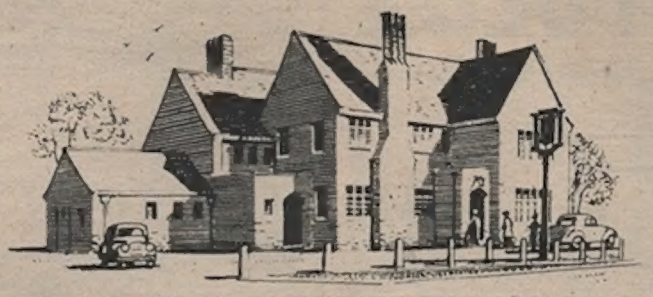


Welcome to the Inn

beer is best

Issued by the Brewers' Society, 42 Portman Square, London, W.1

From the authentic records of the R.A.F. Escaping Society comes another great adventure series by the author of "The Dam Busters"

ESCAPE-OR DIE

by PAUL BRICKHILL

AFTER THEY PUSHED HIM back into the compound, bleeding, Charles Edward McCormac knew that the next time the Japanese took him to the Y.M.C.A. for interrogation they intended to torture him, presumably to death. What made it worse were the impossible alternatives.

The change had been so swift. A few weeks before, he and Pat had moved into their new house—married quarters near the aerodrome. He was twenty-six, and she, twenty-one, was having their first baby. In that same week the Japs landed in Malaya. At first, people in Singapore did not think the Japanese would get very far. Pat was frightened when Charles, as a sergeant wireless operator-gunner, flew in the Catalinas on bombing raids, but when he was not flying he came home at night. And then the defences seemed to crumble, the Catalina squadron was wiped out in a single, devastating Jap raid and the remnants were evacuated to Java.

McCormac did not go with them. He had lived many years in Malaya, where his father had been a planter, before he joined the R.A.F., and because he was an "old hand" the C.O. gave him permission to stay behind and see Pat safely evacuated by ship; the Japanese had unpleasant ways of dealing with Eurasian girls who married Europeans. They said they were renegades and gave them special treatment. She was lovely in the exotic Eurasian way, but to McCormac, standing on the wharf, she looked tearfully forlorn leaning over the rail as the ship drew away.

He went back briefly to the house, a sinewy man with a bitter downward twist to his mouth, moving from room to room methodically smashing all their things so the Japs would not get them. Then he put on a clean white shirt that Pat had left out for him and

ILLUSTRATION BY GORDON NICOLL, R.I.

"Now!" someone yelled. As the prisoners burst open the gate, the Jap guards came running. Four shots cracked out—then the prisoners were on them

went out to join up with the army in the ground fighting.

Just over a week later, on February 15, 1942, Singapore fell, and two days after that the Japanese caught McCormac, still on the island, fighting from the roadblocks with a band of volunteers. Out of touch with other troops, they had not known that the island had fallen, and that was the start of the trouble. It had pleased the Japanese to regard them as saboteurs and they shot two of the band on the spot. Then they noticed McCormac's dirty white shirt. If he had been in the R.A.F. as he claimed, they said, he would be wearing a khaki shirt. He must be a spy and they would deal with him in a suitable way quite soon.

Inside The Cage

The hell of the cage had started then. Isolated in a banana forest, the Pasir Panjang cage was a hot clearing a hundred yards square, fenced by coils of barbed wire and circled by the trunks and broad leaves of banana trees, a screen round the degradation. Inside the wire the Japanese crammed hundreds of British and Australian soldiers and civilians, giving them each a couple of spoonfuls of rice and a sliver of dried fish on most days. Starvation and dysentery are an unpleasant combination, and the cage was a focus of sweaty putrescence.

In the daytime the Japanese sent the prisoners in heavily guarded batches down to the docks to clear bomb rubble. The Japanese commandant warned them that they could not hope to escape, but if they tried the punishment would be extreme, not only for the man who tried but for others, too, as a deterrent. One day, three of them tried. They did not return with their party and it was rumoured that friendly Chinese had hidden them. The thin men in the cage waited for the reprisals, but nothing happened.

A few days later an army sergeant slipped away. Still nothing happened. After another few days seven more did not return from the docks one evening. At dawn the men in the cage were paraded at attention. They were still at attention at 4 p.m., many held up by friends after collapsing and being clubbed to their feet.

At that hour a party of Japanese officers arrived and a Japanese sergeant wandered thoughtfully among the prisoners as though he were inspecting cattle, and picked out eleven men, mostly Australians, all about six feet tall. Japanese soldiers dragged them to the middle of the parade square and lashed their hands behind them. Another squad of Japanese soldiers marched briskly up to them and bayoneted all of the eleven in the throats and stomachs. It was quite quick and they died within a minute.

A growl started swelling from the captives. Some of them shuffled a pace or two forward, almost involuntarily; the machine guns opened up and as three of them toppled to the ground, an Australian lieutenant jumped forward and faced the prisoners waving his arms and yelling: "Hold it, you fools! We can't do anything yet."

Jap Rules Of War

He turned and walked warily towards the Japanese officers, and the captives heard him saying in English that they had violated the rules of war. A Japanese soldier hit him in the back with his rifle butt, the commandant signalled to his men and three of them grabbed the Australian and started to drag him away.

The lieutenant managed to twist his head round to the parade again and shouted to them: "Mark these bastards for future reference!" They never saw him again. The commandant announced that he would not kill any more men at random. If anyone else escaped they would execute every remaining man on his working party.

The following morning they took McCormac to the Y.M.C.A., standing him in a room in front of a Japanese officer wearing baggy khaki pants, puttees, shirt and a sword. He had a flattish head and a moon-like face, and for the

Charles McCormac and Pat, his Eurasian wife, photographed shortly before Singapore fell

first hour he made McCormac walk in and out bowing and hissing to show respect. They questioned him for the next hour, beating him occasionally with fists.

In interrogations by the Japanese, Western soldiers were absolved in special circumstances from the normal obligation to give name, rank and number only. To avoid torture a prisoner was permitted to answer a few questions. For an hour McCormac fended off some questions and answered others. They left him under guard for four hours, presumably to let fear work on his morale, and then two Japanese soldiers took him into a room in front of another Japanese.

(His name, as far as McCormac was able to find out much later, was Teruchi, and he belonged to the Kempei-Tai, the "thought police," in Singapore. The Kempei-Tai's methods were rather more robust than those of the Gestapo.)

Teruchi was short and very broad. He spoke English with an American accent and looked almost European. "You lived in Cairnhill Road?" he said.

"Yes," said McCormac.

"Then your wife was Eurasian?"

McCormac stared at Teruchi and did not answer. "Do not deny it," Teruchi said. "We have been to the house." He took a couple of steps forward and the Japanese soldiers gripped McCormac's arms rigidly. Teruchi said coldly, "You're the curse of the East, you people. And you're a saboteur." He kicked and his boot caught McCormac in the stomach. Teruchi kicked again and again until McCormac collapsed on to his knees, arms still tightly held, feeling he was going to vomit.

"Where is your wife?" Teruchi said.

"I don't know."

Teruchi said more slowly: "Where . . . is . . . your . . . wife?"

"Evacuated."

"When, and how? And to where?"

"By sea. The third of February. I don't know where to."

"Ah," said Teruchi. "The *Wakefield*." McCormac was startled again. Teruchi seemed to know nearly everything. "We sank her," Teruchi said with satisfaction, and added unemotionally, "I regret to assure you that there were no survivors. You can believe me when I say that. I know."

McCormac felt he wanted to be sick again.

"Where is your wife's family?" Teruchi went on relentlessly.

Pat's parents, her sister and brother were in Kuching, Sarawak, where the father was postmaster. McCormac had a terrible certainty of what would happen to them if the Japanese located them. "I don't know," he said.

Torture By The Sword

Moving deliberately, Teruchi pulled his Samurai sword out of its bamboo scabbard. He held it with two hands clasped round the long handle and waved the blade in front of McCormac's eyes. "Where is your wife's family?"

"I don't know," McCormac said stubbornly. "I just have no idea."

Teruchi jabbed but McCormac, tensed and waiting, managed to jerk his head aside in time to save his eye. The point speared through the fold of skin at the corner of his eye, grated on the bone and tore through and out. Teeth bared with shock, he twisted his face down and to

He owes his success to an enemy pilot

Paul Brickhill

PAUL BRICKHILL, Australian-born author of *Escape—Or Die*, says: "I sometimes think that my best friend was the pilot of the Messerschmitt 109 who shot down my plane while I was serving with the R.A.A.F. Through him I spent two years in a prisoner-of-war camp in Germany. But also through him I gained a brand-new career as an author."

It was from his experiences as a prisoner that Paul Brickhill, who before the war was a Sydney journalist, wrote his first book, *Escape To Danger*. An account of the famous mass escape from Stalag Luft III—Brickhill worked in the "X" escape organization—it was written hurriedly after his release in 1945. But it led to greater things.

In 1948 he was officially asked to write the full story of this escape. His book, *The Great Escape*, became a best-seller. "After that," says Brickhill, "work began to snowball on me. Soon I was writing *The Dam Busters*, and it was while I was working on this book that I was asked if I would write about the R.A.F. Escaping Society."

From the true accounts of some seventy different escapes in the society's records, Brickhill selected his stories—each one different in setting and in audacious method.

The next months were spent in research and in interviewing the escapers and their relatives and friends. Then, armed with a large pile of notes, he went to the South of France to write his book. It is to be published next month by Evans.

Today, energetic thirty-six year old Paul Brickhill has just finished his first play and is already at work on another real-life story. "It is the biggest subject that has ever come my way," is all he will say about it.

one side, trying to hunch it protectively between his shoulders while the blood dripped on his thigh.

"Where is your wife's family?"

"I don't know." McCormac lifted his head to watch. Teruchi jabbed again and once more McCormac ducked and the point sliced across his cheek by the corner of his mouth, but did not go through into his mouth. Teruchi smiled, and McCormac, reckless from rage and pain, snarled: "You do that again and I'll bloody well choke you."

Teruchi, still smiling, said gently, "I will see you again. We will have adequate time and arrangements." He jerked his head to the Japanese guards; they yanked McCormac to his feet and handed him over to two guards from the Pasir Panjang cage. They walked him the four miles back, opened the wire gate and kicked him through.

Dressed His Wounds

The working parties were back from the docks and an Australian called Donaldson, with whom McCormac had become friendly, swabbed the gashes on his face with a strip torn off McCormac's shirt while he listened to what had happened. Donaldson was not a soldier, but had been a businessman in Singapore and was older than most of the prisoners, about forty, tall, once burly but much thinner now. He had a sharp nose and a hard, not unpleasant smile. At the end he said: "You're in a crook position. If you stay here they'll give you the treatment all right."

"I know," said McCormac, "and I won't be coming back." They were sitting together on the filthy compound and McCormac muttered: "They might find out where Pat's family are before it's over. I don't know how long I can hold out. I never had it before." He sounded grimly flippant.

"They mightn't harm them," suggested Donaldson.

"Pigs might fly."

"Oh God, there must be something."

"I could try to escape," McCormac said. "Not much chance of getting far and they'd bayonet the rest of you sixteen blokes in the working party."

"Be a bit hard to encourage you in that one," Donaldson grunted.

"There's one other alternative," said McCormac. "When they come for me they'll probably walk me by road with a couple of guards. I can jump 'em and get a quick bullet—I might be able to take one of the bastards with me."

"That's a pretty lousy prospect, too," Donaldson said. To McCormac it hardly seemed real. Too much had happened that day for the full impact to hit him. He said: "They got Pat. I wouldn't mind going out and taking one of the swine with me. At least her family might be all right then." He realized he was probably in for an unpleasant period of waiting. So soon after the surrender the Japs were slowly working through hundreds of interrogations. It might take weeks before they sent for him again.

Escape Seemed Hopeless

In the morning they marched him to the docks again with the working party and on the way Donaldson edged quietly alongside and said quietly: "I got an idea last night. Supposing all the working party escaped, all seventeen of us. They'd have no one left to take reprisals against."

McCormac felt a moment of hope, but then knew it was no good. "No go," he said. "They wouldn't do it. If they weren't killed in the break they'd die sooner or later in the jungle. Where the hell could they go?"

"Aussie isn't a bad place."

"That's over two thousand miles," McCormac said.

"It's worth trying," Donaldson said. That day he had a few words with each member of the party at the docks; two or three liked the idea, a couple were tepidly interested and the rest not interested.

At his home in Welling, Kent, today. McCormac, aged thirty-six and the son of a British planter, grew up in Malaya. His knowledge of the country and of the language did much to save his life

A Friend In Need

A Portuguese Eurasian was in charge of the party. He was not a prisoner—Eurasians not obviously tainted by European influence were accepted by the Japanese, who wanted to use their labour and special skills. The Portuguese Eurasian directed rubble clearing and they found he was a friend, though necessarily a guarded one. When the Jap guards were watching he bellowed and snarled at the prisoners, but when the guards' backs were turned he whispered in a friendly way out of the corner of his mouth, advised them to go slow on the work and now and then slipped them a cigarette or a little rice from his pocket. He was dark and fat, about forty-five, and McCormac caught him looking at him in a strangely inquiring way several times over the next few days.

About five days after the affair with Teruchi the man said to McCormac: "Don't you remember me . . . Rodriguez? I worked on the aerodrome." McCormac placed him then: remembered him as one of a local hired labour force building huts and runways and pens for the planes. They talked warmly for a while and McCormac told Rodriguez of the grim position he was in.

"Why don't you escape?" Rodriguez asked, and McCormac told him why. Rodriguez was not particularly impressed. "If your party all stay here," he said, "their lives are not likely to be long." He hesitated before he spoke again, and then said, "My brother is in Malaya. He is with some Eurasian and Chinese guerrillas in the hills around Kuala Lipis. They raid the Japs. I could tell you where there is a boat for crossing the Johore Straits and you could probably all reach them and join them."

"Why are you offering all this?" McCormac asked. "We can pay you nothing and only endanger you."

"I want no payment," Rodriguez said. "The Japanese raped my eldest daughter and took her away."

A rumour went round next day that the men in the cage were being sent to Siam, and that in Siam prisoners were dying from disease like flies. McCormac's face was healing but he was getting edgy, waiting for the next call from Teruchi. The nightmare was becoming near and real. "It'll be funny," he said wryly to Donaldson, "if they took us all to Siam, me included, and that bastard at the Y.M.C.A. couldn't find me. I'd die laughing in Siam." He was not, at the time, conscious of the ironic humour of the last bit. Donaldson pointed it out, saying: "We'll probably all die there. Look, let's try the gang again about escaping. If Rodriguez will help us they might get interested."

The Prison Conspirators

Once more they approached the others, but there were still half a dozen who refused. McCormac thought of the solution. "Look, Don," he said, "there's no roll call here; only numbers. So long as there's seventeen on the gang the Japs don't give a damn. There are some other tough blokes in this compound. Why not fix some change-overs till we have seventeen blokes all game for it?"

That evening they fixed it, crawling among the wretches lying on the filthy ground, talking in whispers till they had six men willing to join them and had arranged for the six they replaced

Continued on page 29

Sing Hallelujah!

by L. S. HOWARTH

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL MORDEN

Royalty was coming! It meant brass bands, fireworks—and the best choir in town. And *that* meant trouble

IT ISN'T OFTEN that they have a really "big do" in Bromford—nothing, for instance, like you get in Manchester or Liverpool or Leeds—and so naturally the news that Royalty was coming to open the new town hall caused a considerable sensation.

Buildings that had worn comfortable grimy overcoats for the last fifty years were scrubbed into a state of white nakedness; gardens were planted wherever a plot of waste land offered itself; and there was such a sudden riot of new paint that the whole place looked like a city of rainbows. The corporation argued for weeks over the details of the procession that was to welcome the visitors; but there were no arguments over the entertainment programme. There would be—of course—massed bands and a firework display, weather permitting, and in the evening a municipal concert at the Victoria Hall; a concert with the Bromford Municipal Orchestra and the finest local soloists and the best choir in Bromford.

The best choir in Bromford: it sounded simple enough as the mayor read out the list, and as the arrangements appeared in the local paper. After all, only one can be the best.

But Tom Midgley didn't think it was simple; and neither did his daughter Judith; and neither did Harold Barker. Nobody who knew anything about choirs in Bromford thought it was simple at all.

The musical world of Bromford was thrown into a considerable uproar, which did not abate until it was decided to have an Open Event; an Open Event at the Festival.

The Festival of Music and Drama is the highlight of Bromford's cultural year, an annual flourish of local achievement as brilliant in its way as the thick mosaics of tulips and the drifts of daffodils which break into bloom about the same time in Fletcher Park. Singers, actors, elocutionists, instrumentalists, ballet-dancers, have laboured through the bleak winter at their chosen arts, and in the spring the whole town crowds into the local theatre and into the austere schoolrooms of nonconformist churches to express its perennial astonishment and pride at the talent which has been lurking in its midst all the time.

This year, of course, with so much of what had become generally known as the Royal Concert depending on its results, the Festival was more keenly contested than ever. Needy teachers of the violin and pianoforte experienced a welcome boom, the sales of sheet music bounced to a new pinnacle, and the choirs plunged into their anthems and cantatas with a renewed communal frenzy.

And none, certainly, more so than that of the Jordan Baptists. Tom Midgley, their choirmaster, saw to that. He made his attitude quite clear when they held their first practice of their Festival test piece.

He made it even clearer to his organist, Harold Barker, when that young man walked home with him to supper.

"I've been choirmaster at Jordan Baptists," he said, solemnly regarding his family circle, "for nearly thirty years, ever since old John Tommy Broadhurst packed up. All that time I've kept it the best choir in Bromford. And this is the biggest chance I've had to prove it. Milburn Road Methodists have been crowing a bit lately, and there's been a lot of hot-headed things said down at the Congregational place. But you'll see Jordan licking the lot of 'em when the Festival comes round—I'll see to that!"

"I'm sure you will, Dad." Judith smiled at him with indulgent reverence. "With you conducting and Harold playing the organ I think you're bound to win."

HAROLD smiled in return. Judith was the main reason why he came to supper at Tom Midgley's, and he could hardly have had a better reason.

"There's only one thing, though," he said. "I'm not right happy, Mr. Midgley, about that piece you've chosen. There were six to pick from in the syllabus, you know."

"That's right. And I've picked the 'Hallelujah Chorus.' What's up with the 'Hallelujah Chorus'?"

"I was just thinking. It's not very original, is it? Not what you'd call exactly an adventurous choice?"

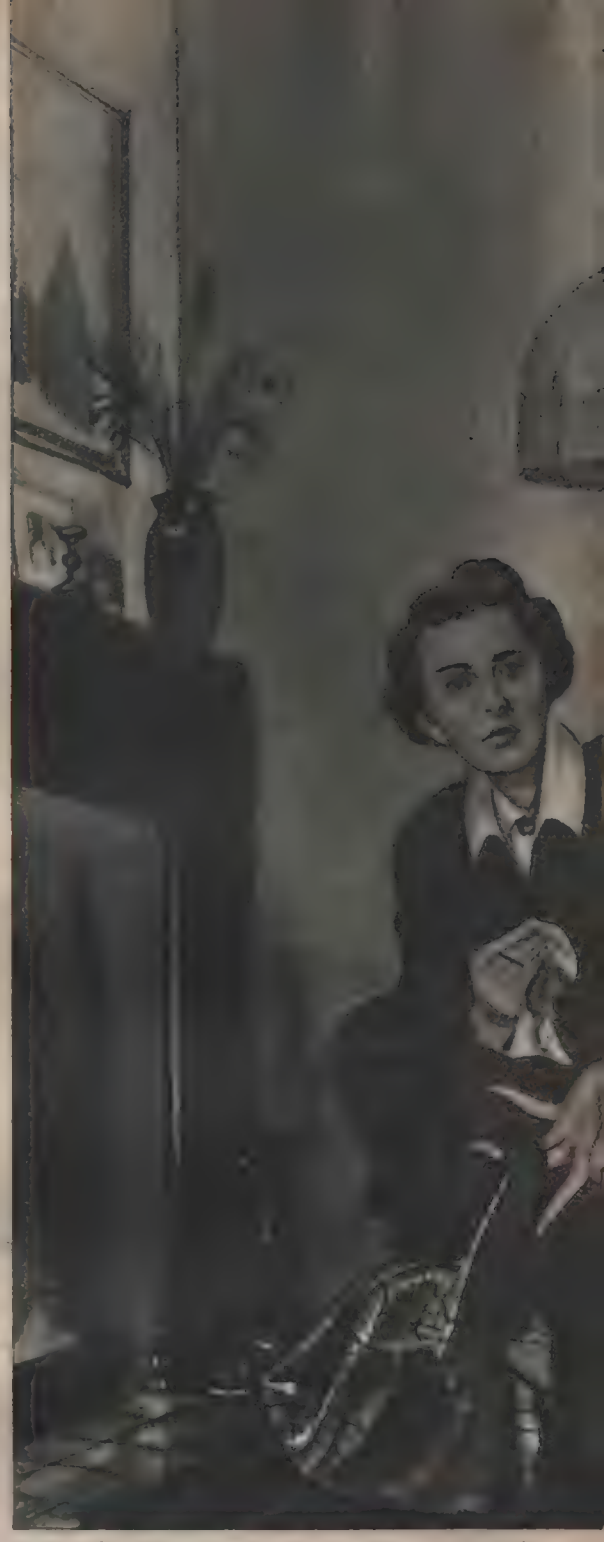
"You mean," said Judith, "it's a bit corny?"

"Corny?" Tom Midgley put his spoon down. Although he was normally a hard man to upset, his colour seemed to have deepened a little. "I've never known just what that word means, and I hope that I'm guessing wrong now."

"It means old-fashioned and soft," his wife put in.

"Oh, does it? I thought it might! Then perhaps," Tom suggested, "you'd like the Jordan Baptist choir to turn out at the Festival singing 'Tiger Rag,' would you?"

"I'm sure Judith didn't mean that," Harold said. "Neither did I. I just wondered if the 'Hallelujah' wasn't a bit too hackneyed. I'd



Judith suddenly exploded with anger. She

have picked the Stainer or perhaps that piece from *Elijah*."

Tom regarded him grimly. "It's just as well I'm choirmaster and not you. We've been famous for our *Messiah* ever since John Tommy Broadhurst's time, and the 'Hallelujah Chorus' is still the best choral piece ever written."

"I'm still not happy about it," Harold said stubbornly. "I hope you'll excuse me saying this, but I've never thought that you really got all you might out of it."

Tom breathed heavily. Clearly, he was deeply offended. "Of course I'll excuse you saying it. If it's what you think, it's your duty to say it. But as long as you're the organist it's also your duty to play the 'Hallelujah Chorus' the way I want it played."

"Now, Dad," his wife interposed hastily. "Don't let's have any bother!"

There was no bother. Judith tactfully turned the conversation; but the thoughts of the protagonists, as their expressions showed, remained stubbornly on the subject of the argument.

AFTER Harold had said good night and gone, Tom, relaxing into his slippers, addressed a final reflection to his wife and daughter. "That young Harold," he said, "seems to be getting a pretty high opinion of himself. I've noticed it's a way these organists seem to have. It's probably all the time they spend up in the

swung round and flung her gloves on the settee. "We're not *going* to the pictures, Harold Barker!" she cried. "Not tonight nor any other night!"

organ loft—they begin to feel a bit above us ordinary folk in other ways as well. You'd better watch out, Judith!"

There was no choir practice the following night, but Harold had arranged to take Judith to the pictures instead. He arrived at twenty minutes to seven.

"Why, Harold!" Judith exclaimed. "You're early tonight."

Harold looked uneasy. "I—I wanted to talk to your dad first."

"What about?"

"About the Festival."

"And what's this about the Festival?" Tom, coming downstairs after changing out of his working clothes, looked at his visitor a little grimly.

"Well, it's a bit difficult to tell you, really. But you've heard about Malachi Smith?"

"Conductor down at the Milburn Road Methodists?"

"That's right. And you knew he'd gone into hospital for a serious operation?"

"I heard so only this morning."

"Well, Milburn Road have been on to me—to take his place while he's off. They want me to conduct Milburn Road in the Festival."

"Well, the cheek of the beggars! It's just like that lot up at Milburn Road!"

"You said no, of course?" Judith put in.

Harold was very pale. He swallowed with a great effort. "As a matter of fact, I said I would."

Tom Midgley could scarcely believe his ears. "You're letting Jordan Baptists down?"

"I'm letting nobody down. You can easy find another organist."

"Harold!" It was Mrs. Midgley's first contribution. "Your grandma would turn in her grave if she knew you were turning Methodist! There wasn't a better Baptist in Bromford!"

"I haven't turned anything—not that there's anything wrong with the Methodists. This is just a question of the Festival."

"Oh, Harold!" Judith's voice was near to tears.

"I'd never have thought it," Tom said. "Not even of you!"

"You're the one who ought to understand, Mr. Midgley. I've wanted for years to be a conductor. It's you who've helped me to want to be one, and you know as well as I do I've no chance at Jordan while you're there." He appealed to Judith. "It's a wonderful chance I've been offered at Milburn Road and I think I'd be daft to turn it down."

"But, Harold, it seems so selfish!"

"Sometimes a chap's got to be selfish. Especially if he ever wants to be any sort of an artist. And Milburn Road aren't a bad lot, you know. In fact, with Jordan doing the 'Hallelujah Chorus,' I can see Milburn Road standing a very good chance of winning the Festival."

"I'm glad you think so." Tom's voice was very quiet. "And might I ask—or is it a secret—what piece you've picked to show me up with?"

"It's no secret." Harold grinned awkwardly. "You'll hear it any time you pass the chapel on practice nights. We're doing the piece from *Elijah*."

Tom nodded silently. No one else seemed to want to speak either, and it was left to Harold to deliver himself of an uncomfortable cough. "Well, Judith," he said loudly, "if we're going to the pictures tonight, it's time we were moving."

JUDITH stared at him for a moment, her eyes full of hurt reproach. Then they gleamed with anger. She flung her gloves on to the settee. "We're not *going* to the pictures, Harold Barker! Not tonight nor any other night!"

"Now, Judith! Whatever do you mean?"

"I mean, Harold Barker, that if you can change your religion as simple as that, you can change your girl friend as well. A little matter like that shouldn't give you any trouble at all!"

She turned quickly and ran upstairs.

The three who were left exchanged glances. "She's upset," Mrs. Midgley said unnecessarily. "It seems to me, Harold, that you'd better be

Continued on page 24

Mr. Kaufman's fifty shilling glamour

At the firm that deals in make-believe, that's the fee for immaculate morning dress. For little more, they deck any woman out in a gown fit for a star *by MURIEL SEGAL*

A FEW WEEKS AGO a bride brought her wedding dress back to Jack Kaufman, who has spent twenty years in Moss Bros. hire department. "It hasn't been worn," she told him. "He didn't turn up, so there was no wedding." Her face was as white as the bridal veil still wrapped in tissue paper. As Kaufman tried to comfort her, and assured her that she need not pay the hiring fee, he caught sight of the errant bridegroom coming in to return his wedding outfit. Tactfully, Kaufman disappeared, confident that when he returned he would find the young couple reunited and eagerly arranging to re-hire their wedding garments for another day.

Although such romance-mending is not part of the firm's service, almost everything is, from fitting out a foreign ambassador who has lost his luggage, to garbing a star in satin and mink for a film première. Luckily, Kaufman regards fixing people up as his hobby as well as his business, and feels he has found his true vocation in his job of helping to run the world's biggest clothing hire service.

He claims that practically every well-known man in the country has used the service at one time or another. Usually there is a steady stream of hirers who stroll through the quiet old-fashioned store near Covent Garden, among the rows of striped trousers and morning coats, each carrying the small suitcase containing the fifty-guinea morning suit which has been his for the day for £2 10s., including fancy or plain waistcoat and hat.

Ascot Empties The Racks

Business is always brisk in the hire department. Kaufman deals with several hundred garments which are returned daily—by hand, parcel post and messenger—spend the night being fumigated, are cleaned and pressed next morning and can be back on the rails for the next wearer within twenty-four hours.

Often, for special events, there is a big rush. On Ascot days, the racks are almost empty. But although many of the guests attending Royal garden parties, Ascot, Lords, Society weddings or office dinners are Moss Bros. customers, only Moss Bros. know for certain who has hired—and Moss Bros. never tell.

Kaufman keeps an intricate index, telling where each of his garments has gone visiting. Recorded in it is the story of the dark grey suit which was supplied to a young man going for an interview for a big job; it was returned with a note pinned to the waistcoat: "You'll be glad to know that it won the day." There is also a book listing the articles left in the pockets of returned garments—keys, ear-rings, cheque-books, railway tickets, cigarette lighters, rosaries and loose change.

The announcement of the Coronation date eased the strain of much planning in the dark for the firm's big day. The priceless stock of ceremonial robes, locked up in their tin boxes, is now being brought from the store at Aldershot. All of them are already booked, and there

Jean Sutcliffe kneels to fit one of the 2,000 sixty-guinea models in the ladies' department at Moss Bros. Cost of hire: three to twelve guineas

Jack Kaufman watches as assistants check in an evening dress outfit: dress, fur cape, shoes, gloves, handbag and jewellery

In the Court Dress and Uniforms department, Teddy Gent inspects a coronet. To buy a Coronation robe would cost £1,250. To hire, £25

are not nearly enough to go round. Teddy Gent, the expert of the Court Dress and Uniforms department, says that a new Coronation robe today would cost £750, plus £500 tax. Moss Bros. charge £25, including the coronet. With the help of a much-thumbed little book, Teddy Gent can answer almost any question on Court regalia. If in doubt he checks direct with Buckingham Palace, but he knows by heart such basic rules as, for instance, that a marchioness wears a train trailing a yard and three-quarters, while a viscountess may have only a yard and a quarter of her train on the ground.

Recently, American television staged a programme in the State robes department at Moss Bros. Dummies wearing Court regalia were placed in two long rows. The TV camera tracked up close to each dummy in turn, to describe rank, coronet, decorations, and so on. When it came to the last figure in the row, the figure turned round, revealing itself to be no dummy but the commentator, wearing a Court robe over his ordinary clothes. "And now you will see what the well-dressed peer will wear," he announced. But Teddy Gent's tactful voice interrupted the programme, as he stepped forward and touched the gaily patterned tie of the commentator. "Oh, no sir, not this tie." That was the hit-line of the programme.

The Court Dress and Uniforms department has grown up from the days when George and Alfred Moss started the business in 1881. They decided that they would never say "no" to a customer; whatever was required, they would get it from somewhere. While George, who was an expert cutter, bought misfits from Savile Row and remade them, Alfred hunted around, accumulating unusual items. These included a vast stock of uniforms, every known decoration, and a galaxy of Court costumes and regalia.

Hired His Own Uniform

Almost every uniform or ceremonial costume could be borrowed or copied. Kaufman tells how, one day, General Sir Ian Hamilton asked, without any hope, for a Boer War tunic to wear at a South African dinner; he found to his joy that Moss Bros. could provide him with one from their private museum. In fact, it was the one he had sold to them thirty years before. "And it still fitted me perfectly," he boasted.

The hire service had its origin in the plight of a well-known stockbroker who, in 1880, was in trouble on the Stock Exchange. There was only one way he could think of to earn his living. His friends had assured him that he was always the life and soul of any party, so he decided to be a party entertainer. The brothers Moss lent him a suit, tie, overcoat, shirts, socks and shoes, all for 7s. 6d. The ex-stockbroker told his friends, and from that day the hiring habit developed.

At first it was popular only among men, who regarded the idea of allowing their wives to be arrayed in borrowed plumes quite differently. But when wartime clothing coupons prevented women from buying new party frocks and wedding gowns, the firm started a ladies' hire department as an experiment, with only a dozen dresses. Now, however, the "ladies-hire" has moved to a more spacious floor. The two thousand glamorous models crowding the racks range from a thirty-four-inch hip to a fifty-inch size, and there are shoes, bags, gloves, fur-wraps and jewellery.

Perfume Is A Problem

Each dress costs about sixty guineas and is specially made on the premises. Jean Sutcliffe, an ex-Mayfair dress-designer who looks after the department and designs all the dresses, says she has to observe special methods in dressmaking. Only the best silks can stand up to the continual cleaning; nylon is the favourite. She has to avoid trimmings which would be awkward to clean, such as pleating or beading. Dresses must remain in high fashion all their hiring life, and have to be cut so that they may be altered to fit a customer, and then altered back again for the next wearer. "Perfume," says Miss Sutcliffe, "is the bugbear of the ladies' hire business. It ruins many good garments."

Many women deal by post, sending their measurements and a rough idea of the occasion for which they want to hire a dress. A staff artist then sketches several suitable frocks and posts them, with patterns of material. Customers, often rather bashful about hiring, sometimes add a postcript to their order: "Please send in plain box, because everyone knows me here."

Despite the greatest discretion, accidents sometimes happen, and recently a woman up from a small town to hire a dress for the local charity ball recognized her neighbour's voice from the next fitting-room. However, Jack Kaufman and Miss Sutcliffe are proud of their card-index system. When a dress is hired, the place or function at which it is to be worn is noted on a card. The next woman who borrows it is warned, "Don't wear it at the ——. It was there last Saturday night."

The card also registers the sliding charge scale which is used for the dresses, according to the number of times worn. Brand new, a dress might hire out at twelve guineas, reducing to three guineas when slightly less crisp around the hem. "The other night," says Miss Sutcliffe, "a well-known film star went to a party wearing £112 worth of evening gown, which cost her eleven guineas to hire."

Often customers like to hire the same dress over and over again, eventually buying it cheaply. One girl urgently pleaded for the dress she had worn a year before. Her boy friend, returning from the East, had written, "Please wear that blue thing you had on the first night I saw you." The particular dress was at the cleaners, but Kaufman got it back; before long the girl returned to hire a wedding dress.

Brides are asked to give at least two months' notice of their intention to hire a wedding outfit, but recently Kaufman was just going home at six o'clock when a young man rushed in to know if his bride could choose a wedding dress. She was waiting in a taxi outside, having decided at the last moment that she wanted a white wedding after all.

Memento For Every Bride

Moss Bros. treat brides with special favour. Rich French brocades and lush satins, worth fifty guineas, all carefully fitted, are loaned for a charge which may be as little as three guineas or as much as twelve—including the dress, veil and headdress, shoes and, if needed, a slip. Not only does a bride get her dress without having to leave a deposit, but she is invited to keep the orange blossom headdress as a memento. Moss Bros. love a bride.

The weddings and race meetings and parties which bring customers to the firm mean little to Kaufman himself. No partygoer, he usually spends Saturday night in his little bachelor flat. But recently he got an unexpected invitation to a party, and went along straight from the office without changing.

A fellow guest gave him a friendly tip. "You ought to have got poshed up a bit, you know," he said. "Another time, pop in to Moss Bros. and get them to fix you up." THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

The House of the Seven Flies

by VICTOR CANNING

ILLUSTRATED BY OLIPHANT

The girl attracted him—but, for the moment, a quarter of a million pounds attracted him still more. It was worth a beating up or two

IN ROTTERDAM, Edward Furse had walked into a trap. As he left a bar near the Maxhaven dock, one man followed him and another drew up in a car in front to head him off. They knew the shipyard by night, and he didn't. He would have to run for it.

Furse, a charter-yachtsman, knew what they were after. A quarter of a million pounds' worth of stolen diamonds lay somewhere on the estuary of the River Maas, and he had a tracing with which he could chart the position. The tracing was marked "Seven Flies." Furse didn't know what that meant, but he knew who had looted the diamonds: a German naval captain called Maserling, in a wartime raid on a Dutch bank.

All this he had learnt from the papers of Isaak Sluiter, who had hired him to take him in his yacht *Arietta* from England to Holland. Sluiter, a diabetic, had died on the voyage—from an overdose of insulin. Inspector Molenaar, of the Rotterdam police, told Furse it was murder.

Coming into harbour with the dead man on board, Furse had been met by Constanta

Straatsma, a Rotterdam girl who ran a tugboat company.

She had been working with Isaak Sluiter to recover the treasure for the bank and Allied Reparations. She and Furse were attracted to each other, but—although neither knew the other's interest in the diamonds—the Sluiter affair somehow stood between them. Moreover, Furse wanted no emotional complications. He was determined to find Maserling's loot for himself. Things had been difficult for him since the war, and he needed money badly.

But other people had the same idea—ruthless people. A Dutch gangster, Ninus Rohner, and his girl-friend Elsa, had offered him a "partnership" if he would work with them. Furse turned it down flat. He would work with nobody but his old crony Charlie Ponz in Rotterdam. Charlie's record was far from spotless, but he didn't use violence. Rohner wouldn't hesitate to use it—and would certainly double-cross him.

It was Rohner's strong-arm men who were closing in on him now. One of them, Pieter, he recognized. The other was an unknown quantity. In the fantastic shadows and rubble of the shipyard Furse began to run.

Suddenly he tripped over a steel rail and rolled over, winded. The thugs were almost on top of him.

PART 3

"You Will Come And Talk"

He lay there, the breath driven violently from his body, and momentarily he was seized with a mad desire to abandon all action and flight. But from behind him came the thud of running footsteps: the sound beat into his ears, ominous and persistent. He began to pull himself up, his hands—cut and raw from the fall—reaching out and grasping cold steel, his breath returning.

He was up and running again, and as he went a tumult of thoughts hammered in his mind. Damn Rohner. Damn his own stupidity in allowing himself to be cornered like this.

From high in the night sky a great cone of floodlight suddenly flared across the yard. Furse saw the black and silver gleam of water before him, the grey shapes of wet stones and the long length of an old iron barge tilted against the mud of a deep dock, a great gulf that cut right across his path. He swung round and saw his pursuers a hundred yards behind, converging on him down the spokes of an invisible wheel.

For a moment he hesitated, then swung right along the dock, racing towards the great bulk of the towering hulls that lay like stranded sea monsters under the floodlights. He saw the man on his right swing across to intercept him. At first he thought he might escape him, but as he pounded along the dockside, the distance between them narrowed and he knew that they must meet. A fierce exultation began to rise in him. There was one man, one man across his path; and beyond him the lights, the workmen and safety.

They met, his pursuer leaping a pile of timber to face him, and Furse saw that it was not Pieter. It was a strange face, bone-white, ugly in the soft golden fall of the flickering floodlight. The man leapt at him, his right hand swinging high with some black object held in it. Furse heard the whistle as the weapon struck at him, but he twisted, swung sideways, and came up under the man's arm.

They crashed together and went down in a vicious swirl of arms and legs. The pale face lay below Furse and he hit out, his fist smashing against flesh. He heard a quick sob of pain from the other. He struck again, angry with a wild desire to free himself. A hand reached for his throat and held him, the nails biting into his skin.

He tore himself away, struck and rolled over and then was free.

He leapt to his feet and swung away, seeing as he ran the great figure of Pieter tearing down on him from behind. The floodlight died and he was running in a heavy, almost tangible darkness, forcing his way through it. In a few seconds he felt his feet sink into ooze and then strike the hard concrete of the hauling runways that led to the nearest ship. Two acetylene flares blossomed far across the yard and, in their light, he saw the ship's side rising above him, black and sheer.

About the bulge of her keel and bilge was a bewildering pattern of blocks and scaffolding. He glanced behind him and saw that the other man had risen and was now running with Pieter.

Furse went in under the keel and a gap in the steel plating was shown up by a thin light that came from inside the ship. In the distance, a drill broke into a mad chatter. Furse reached up for the edge of the gap and got a grip on a long length of batten. He swung his feet off the ground, feeling his breath forced from him with the effort, and curled his legs upwards, reaching for the other side of the gap. He twisted over and pulled himself to his feet inside the ship. Ahead of him was a single electric bulb, hanging in a high vault of raw wooden struts and partitions. A ladder reached down from somewhere in the gloom above the light. Furse went up the ladder, across a darkness that smelled of fresh wood shavings and through a door in whose frame a thin stipple of stars was framed, and found himself on a lower deck.

He ran forward, hoping to find a way down, and behind him he heard the beat of feet striking the deck. His knees suddenly hit against the hidden side of a deck cover and he pitched forward and came to rest with a thud against a stack of steel pipes in the lee of the rail. He got up, shaken, a wave of nausea passing over him. As he did so, Pieter and the other man came out on to the deck.

He stood there, trapped, waiting for them, and with each step they took the cold fury inside him mounted until he was almost impatient for them to close with him. As though they, too, shared his impatience, they suddenly flung themselves at him. He met them, his left and then his right fist moving swiftly, striking with a smooth desperation at the face of the man at Pieter's side. The man grunted and staggered backwards and, as he did so, Pieter swung in and hit Furse on the softness of skin just below the ear. The blow dazed him, but he came back at Pieter, his fist crashing into his face.

He stood there, swaying and striking, hearing the sob of his own breath, feeling the cruel shock of blows on his body while his own fists hammered at the turmoil of flesh and violence that crowded upon him. He fought now like an animal, knowing no fear, only a savage compulsion to go on battering and pounding at the faces that pressed upon him.

He drove his knees upwards and a blue gleam from the far torches showed him Pieter's face, angry, the mouth open, sucking momentarily at the air. Furse slammed his fist upwards, hitting the clean line of jaw and he heard Pieter swear, a thin exclamation in Dutch. Then his own feet were kicked away from under him and, as he fell, the other man hit him on the side of the head and he went down. He forced himself to his feet, hitting out viciously.

They fell back from him for a moment and then came in again. A foot crashed against his knee and a blow hit him under the ear, a blow not of flesh, but from something hard and unyielding. He went down, a red-streaked blackness gathering about him.

He tried to rise, but the air whistled violently as the blackjack struck him down again and again. He lay very still in the darkness, his breath rasping in the sudden stillness, beaten but in some odd way still stupidly conscious.

They went through his pockets and examined his wallet. He felt them turn him over and heard them talking softly, heard Pieter say in Dutch, "He has nothing on him."

Pieter bent down and pulled him to a sitting position. He shook him until his eyes opened and then very carefully, like a small child sent with a message, said:

"In the morning you will come and talk to Mynheer Rohner. He will be glad to see you."

The hand released him and he dropped back against the steel pipes.

Along time afterwards, moving in a fantasy, he got up and made his way stiffly to the yard. He climbed the fence and went down the narrow walk and out to a cobbled quayside. A dozen barges lay moored together in the square basin, drifts of thin smoke coming up from their chimneys and a line or two of washing flapping in the night air. The word "Maxhaven" on a wall swam before him, and the thought of Constanta filled his dazed mind.

He began to search along the barges for the *Zeehond*. He found her tied up in the angle of the entrance jetty and the quay wall. He dropped aboard, walked the narrow run of deck, his fingers touching the slope of the hold covers to help his balance, and stopped at a door in the superstructure over the stern. He knocked on the door and waited.

Constanta Straatsma opened the door, and in the light behind her he saw an old man and a round-faced, elderly woman in an overall sitting at a table playing cards. There was a little

Continued on page 33

His mouth went suddenly dry. He stared hard at the gateway. Seven flies. . . . This was it!

Furse smiled at Constanta. "Couple of thugs beat me up," he said thickly. She took his arm and brought him inside. "Oom Paul," she asked the old man, "have we got some brandy?"

Tango football that makes world champions

by ELKAN ALLAN

In passionate Uruguay, the game is a mania. Stars have the artistry of dancers, and victory means a national fiesta

World Cup Final in which Uruguay beat Brazil (in white). Everyone took a three-day holiday

Latin American excitement takes over. After a 1949 game at Buenos Aires, police shield English referee R. H. Maddison from attack. Once, in the Argentine, a referee was hanged from a goalpost

MONTEVIDEO

AMONG THE NATIONAL HEROES of Uruguay, smallest of South American republics and football champions of the world, is Roberto Chery, goalkeeper. Due to play against Brazil, the biggest South American State and long a contender for the world title won four times by Uruguay, Chery was seriously ruptured.

In a country where football was not a national mania bordering on a religion, he would have been in hospital. But Chery felt he could not let his motherland down. He kept the pain he was suffering to himself, and when Uruguay lined up against Brazil, he was in goal. He played a tremendous game, but, after one spectacular save, he lay in agony on the ground, unable to move. They carried him off the pitch, and a few hours later he died. But he had the satisfaction of hearing that his team, able by a local rule to substitute another goalkeeper, had won the match.

Bullfighting has gone out of fashion in South America, and soccer has taken its place. The passionate Latin American temperament turns it into a weekly life-and-death struggle. It is not uncommon to see forwards who have missed a goal lying sobbing on the ground, their arms over their faces. One centre-half, who was too old to play any more, satisfied his honour by walking into the middle of a deserted pitch and shooting himself.

Kick-and-Run Is The Rule

Taking football so seriously meant that in 1950 Uruguay won the professional world cup which is fought for every four years. Great Britain lost to both the U.S.A. and Spain. Uruguay's right-back, Carlos Gonzalez, has an explanation for Britain's failure. "I watched both your games at Rio, and I've come to the conclusion that you British never finish what you start. Although you could have scored many times, your players preferred to pass the ball to each other—and then finish up where they started! It may be pretty, but it doesn't win games."

The Uruguayan method is strongly reminiscent of the kick-and-run technique favoured by small boys in the park. When one player gets the ball, he races with it towards the goal, although he may start well back in his own half. If he has to pass, he boots it up the field and hopes that one of his team is there. For this to work, each player must be a dazzling performer—and this is the case in Uruguay.

At the huge Centenario Stadium in Montevideo, the capital, one Sunday evening in January—mid-summer down here—I was one of 70,000 spectators of the final match of last season, when Nacional, one of the Big Two teams, was unexpectedly beaten by a small club, Central. Each player on the field seemed to have almost perfect mastery of the ball, and all the dribbling was like Stanley Matthews at his best. It was only when threatened by a concentration of his opponents that a player was at a loss. There was no discernible sense of positioning, nor a concerted plan.

Barbed Wire Round Pitch

Fans of each team sat in blocks, behind their club's flag. They waved favours and shouted insults at opposition blocks. Every now and then a fight broke out among those on the fringes of the groups. The pitch was fenced in with barbed wire to stop the sort of invasion which happened not long ago after a game in Rosario, Argentine, across the River Plate. The referee was hanged by the neck from one of the goalposts by his belt. Only armed police intervention saved his life; he had to spend several weeks in hospital.

The huge, saucer-shaped concrete stadium was full long before the game started and, as is customary, the reserves played a curtain-raiser. Prices are about the same as English admission

Continued on page 24

Henry Evans trembled with rage. He cut short his son's excuses. "We don't want you here, nor your wife! You can go your own way from now on!"

The author of the "Whiteoaks" saga writes a brilliant new story

FAMILY REUNION

by MAZO de la ROCHE

MRS. EVANS almost screamed in her hilarity. "Oh, I can't believe it! I can't believe it! Oh, it seems too good to be true." And she sat down and burst into tears.

Her son Robert looked down at her with mingled sympathy and grudging. It was all very well for her to be excited but there was no need to go on like this. Jimmy had had a wonderful piece of luck. Robert only wished it might have been himself.

"Do you really think he'll get the money?" Mrs. Evans quavered, raising her streaming eyes to his.

"Naturally. The pool pays up."

His mother reached out and took his hand. "I hope he'll do something for you, Bob," she said. "You've had an awful lot to contend with."

"I'm not counting on that," he returned gruffly. "You're the one he ought to do something for."

"No, no, I don't want anything out of it. I just want to see my children get on. My goodness, won't your father be surprised?"

"And the girls. It'll all come out in the evening papers. The reporters are up at Jim's place already. They'll be photographing him and Lyla."

His mother gasped. "Photographing them for the papers! Oh, my goodness! Won't Lyla be conceited?"

"It's a pity Lyla isn't prettier. Now, if it was *my* wife, she'd be worth taking a picture of."

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

His mother gave an embarrassed laugh and he remembered the unwieldy bulk of Lizzie, who was soon to have a child, her fourth. He said, grumpily, "Anyway, she has a pretty face."

Mrs. Evans agreed. "Yes, and she's not ten years older than her husband—the way Lyla is. When I think of that boy of eighteen marrying a woman of twenty-eight, it makes me mad."

"They've been married a year now and she's got him just where she wants him—her and her parents."

"Jimmy's a real affectionate boy," cried his mother. "My, I wish he'd come and see me. I want to give him a big hug."

The words were scarcely out of her mouth

when Jimmy walked into the room. He was flushed and excited.

"Hallo, Mother," he stammered, in a voice that cracked as it used to do when it was breaking. "W-what d'you think of this? Th-thirty thousand quid! How d'you like having a millionaire for a son?"

She took him in her arms and almost hurt him with the strength of her hug. He was a fragile little fellow. She looked at her two boys, Bob, stocky and reliable, a family man at twenty-six, finding it hard to make ends meet; Jimmy, married far too young, to a woman far too old, and now the sudden possessor of such wealth as none of them had ever dreamed of. She thought of her two married daughters and their husbands, of her youngest girl who was only fifteen, and the baby of the family, a boy of nine. They all would be proud of Jimmy's good fortune. And their father—what would he say—he who felt himself so superior to his family?

"Listen, Mother," said Jimmy. "I can't stay long. Lyla wants me to go out with her and buy some clothes."

"For you or her?"

"For both of us. Everybody will be looking at us."

"Oh, Jimmy, are you sure you'll get the money?"

"'Course I shall. This thing's O.K. Look." He took the telegram from his pocket and spread it before her.

"Get my glasses, dearie."

He brought them and she read the telegram. Bob leant over her, his features rigid with envy.

"It certainly is terrific," he said. He rubbed his head against his mother's as though to remind her that he, too, was her son.

The little boy, Ronnie, came running in from school. He was told the news and stared at Jimmy, as though he were a marvel of perspicacity. Then he burst out, "Show us the money!"

"He left it at home—with Lyla," grinned Bob.

The telephone rang. Jimmy sprang to answer it.

Bob exchanged a look with his mother. "I'll bet it's her," he said.

It was. "I'm to go right home," Jimmy got out breathlessly. "It's another reporter. Gosh, what a life!"

His mother caught him by the arm. "Listen, Jimmy. I'm going to have a celebration for you—and for Lyla, of course—tomorrow night. We'll have the whole family. Be here early for supper, will you? And Lyla's father and mother, too, if they'd like to come."

"Lyla's mother doesn't go out at night and he won't go without her. But we'll come."

"Come early."

"Right."

"Bring your appetites with you. I'll make the things you like."

He promised, half-dazed by excitement, kissed her, freed himself and left.

THE Evanses lived in a flat above a small undertaking establishment. They acted as caretakers and, in return, had their quarters rent free. The undertaking business on the ground floor was Jewish and at first was rather disturbing and strange to the Gentile family. Mr. Katz, the undertaker, was a kind man. He was interested in Henry Evans, whom he looked on as a man of superior intelligence and education. They had long talks together in the room where the coffins were stored. Henry Evans had a good deal of spare time.

Mrs. Evans had wanted to keep the great news till her husband returned from the printers, where he had a part-time job, so that she might have the thrill of telling it to him herself. But on the way home he bought a newspaper, and the first thing his eye lighted on was the picture of his son, Jimmy, taken with his wife and

Greatest stories of the people behind TV

AN UNSURPASSED series of full-length articles planned by JOHN BULL for the coming months will introduce in fascinating detail the outstanding personalities behind the rapid expansion of British television into the most extensive service in the world.

The first of these articles will appear next week. Written by Dennis Holman, it tells the story of how television's resident chorus, The Twelve Toppers, has been built up under the direction of Leslie Roberts, the soft-spoken, grey-haired man with the rimless spectacles and bulging briefcase, who runs many of the most glamorous shows in London's night clubs. It describes the two-minute drama when the team danced under a heavy, collapsing beam, and the laughter and romance of their climb to stardom in their own right.

To make sure of reading these revealing articles, which will provide for John Bull readers the best coverage of television stories in any British magazine, place a regular order with your newsagent or bookstall now

FOR THE GREATER ENJOYMENT OF TELEVISION, KEEP THIS PRESENTATION SUPPLEMENT

parents-in-law. He read the heading: "NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD MILK LORRY DRIVER WINS £30,000."

He did not know the man sitting next to him but he showed him the picture, trying to keep the hand that held the paper steady. Soon all the other passengers were looking at the same picture in their own papers.

"He's always been a good boy," declared the father proudly, "except that he wouldn't go to the grammar school."

HE felt that people looked at him with more respect after that. He almost believed there had been a chance of Jimmy going to grammar school. His step was light as he hurried along the street and turned in at the door above which hung the sign: KATZ, UNDERTAKERS. His wife met him at the top of the stairs. She saw at once that he had heard the news.

Her face fell. "Oh, Henry, who told you?" she cried. Then she saw the newspaper. "But you hardly ever buy one!"

"I suppose some instinct told me to buy it." He spoke in rather precise accents. His education, his manner of speaking, set him apart from his family, made the humorous things he said more humorous, the sarcastic things more sarcastic. He was lightly built and carried himself very straight. Mrs. Evans was stocky and reliable. Bob took after her.

"Isn't it wonderful?" she quavered, her eyes full of happy tears. "Our Jimmy—thirty thousand pounds!"

"Have you seen him?"

"Yes, but he couldn't stay. He hardly knows if he's standing on his head or his heels."

"We'll go to his place and see him after supper," said her husband. "I hope he'll do something nice for you out of the money."

The small boy put in, "Can I come, too? Do you think he'll do something for me?"

"Certainly," answered his father. "He'll probably buy you a fine bicycle."

"Now don't you go putting ideas in the child's head." But Mrs. Evans herself was quivering with ideas.

Joanne, the fifteen-year-old daughter, a rather objectionable teenager, came tearing in. She could not wait to be told details but flew to the telephone to spread the news among her friends. This prevented her two married sisters from getting on the line. After repeated attempts they gave up and, after a sketchy evening meal, hastened with their husbands to the flat.

Nothing could have pleased Mrs. Evans better. She wanted all her children about her on this day of triumph. She hugged all four and told them the amazing news over again, as if they did not already know it.

"I bet Bob wishes it was him," said her son-in-law, Bill Clark, "with three kids and another on the way."

"There's nothing jealous about Bob," declared the mother. "He's just glad Jimmy's had such luck."

"That old wife of his will be more stuck-up than ever," put in the teenager.

The two elder sisters laughed, rather maliciously. The pretty one said, "You'll see Lyla with a fur coat and a diamond ring before long, mark my words."

The plain one added, "And a motor car. I bet they buy a car inside of a week."

"I know of a good second-hand car for sale," said Bill Clark. "I can get a commission on it if I find a buyer. I'll phone Jim before someone else gets in ahead of me." He sprang to the telephone. There was silence in the room as the family, one and all, listened avidly to his end of the conversation. Jimmy and his wife, from being nobodies, had become of breath-taking importance.

"Hallo," Bill was saying genially. "Is that Lyla? Oh, hallo, Lyla, congratulations. This is wonderful news . . . aren't you the lucky pair? And you certainly deserve it. Everybody's saying how glad they are . . . yes, we're all here. The whole family . . . wish you and Jim were here . . . listen, Lyla, could I speak to Jim? Got to congratulate him personally. Oh . . . tired, is he? No wonder—all these reporters . . . but I'll only keep him a minute. Too tired to talk? Well, I'll be damned. What's he doing? *Gone to bed?* For the love of Mike! Well—I just wondered if he's thinking of buying a car. I know of a good second-hand one—what? You've arranged for one? *Already?* By golly, you haven't wasted much time. But I'm certainly glad. I just thought if you wanted a second-hand one—what make of car is it? . . . A brand new Humber! Well—that sounds good. Everybody here'll be tickled when I tell them—tickled pink. . . . Well, remember us poor relations to Jim. Be seeing you tomorrow night. Bye-bye, Lyla." He hung up the receiver.

A VOLLEY of questions met him when he rejoined the circle. Though they had heard every word he said and guessed pretty accurately what Lyla had said, they wanted it repeated. Bill, who was quite a mimic, imitated Lyla's drawling, nasal tones.

"They're not wasting any time spending the money," said Henry Evans. "Believe me, they'll run through it in no time."

"But a brand new Humber," cried his pretty daughter, pink with envy. "They must be crazy."

"I thought Lyla would have more sense," the plain one added, "seeing that she's nine years older than Jimmy."

"She's a stuck-up old thing," declared the teenager.

"Why did Jimmy go to bed?"

"I expect the poor lad's tired out," said the mother.

The pretty sister gave herself a searching glance in the looking-glass above the sideboard. "It must be awful," she said, "to have reporters pushing right into your flat to take your picture."

Everyone stared at her, thinking how she would have loved it.

"You'd certainly take a prettier picture than

Continued on page 26

ONE OF OUR SUBMARINES (6) by Commander EDWARD YOUNG, D.S.O., D.S.C.

WE ARE HUNTED BY A SUBMARINE-CHASER

Young gave the order: "Absolute silence throughout the boat." Then they began to wait — listening to the angry and invisible enemy above relentlessly closing in on them

THE FIRST ENEMY SHIP to appear in *Storm's* periscope was a Japanese submarine. After the completion of trials and our first war patrol off the North Cape, we were now based on Trincomalee harbour in Ceylon. It was February, 1944, and some six months since I had taken command of *Storm*, a new S-class boat. This was my first patrol with the Fourth Submarine Flotilla, and just before setting out we had been informed that the Japanese Fleet might be planning a sortie through the Malacca Straits at any moment, and that every submarine was needed to plug the gap.

We had dived in the Nicobar Channel before dawn that morning, after an uneventful three-day surface passage of 900 miles, with a further 550 miles to travel to reach our patrol billet in the narrows of the Malacca Straits. When we dived we had not yet made a landfall, but on coming to periscope depth at first daylight we sighted the low-lying, palm-fringed southern extremity of Great Nicobar Island. Nothing of note happened during the day until, at three minutes to four in the afternoon, just as we were sitting down to tea in the wardroom, we heard an exclamation from Blake, the navigator, who was at the periscope. "Captain, sir!"

In three seconds I was at his side. "An object in the water, bearing Green 20," Blake said as I took over the periscope. The object in the water was the conning-tower of a westbound submarine, a grey-green box lifting and dipping to the gentle swell. "Sound the alarm," I said. She was a long way off, over two miles at a rough guess, and we were already nearly on her beam. There was not much time.

Full Speed To The Target

We quickened up to our full under-water speed of nine knots to close the range, going deep to avoid disturbing the surface water. After three minutes I slowed down and came back to periscope depth, to find that my target had altered course to starboard and put me in a slightly better position. She was difficult to estimate on because the casing was hidden by the swell; the periscope scale made the range at this point 3,400 yards, but to my eye it still appeared over 4,000.

The chances of a hit on a submarine at that distance were not very good. I decided to make one more effort to close the range, and went to sixty feet for another burst of speed. Coming back to thirty-two feet I put *Storm* on a firing course and waited for the firing angle to come on. At this stage of the attack I was raising and lowering the periscope every few seconds. I could see the enemy a little more clearly now. She was one of the large Japanese ocean-going submarines of over 1,500 tons, with a 4.7-in. gun mounted fore and aft of the conning-tower.

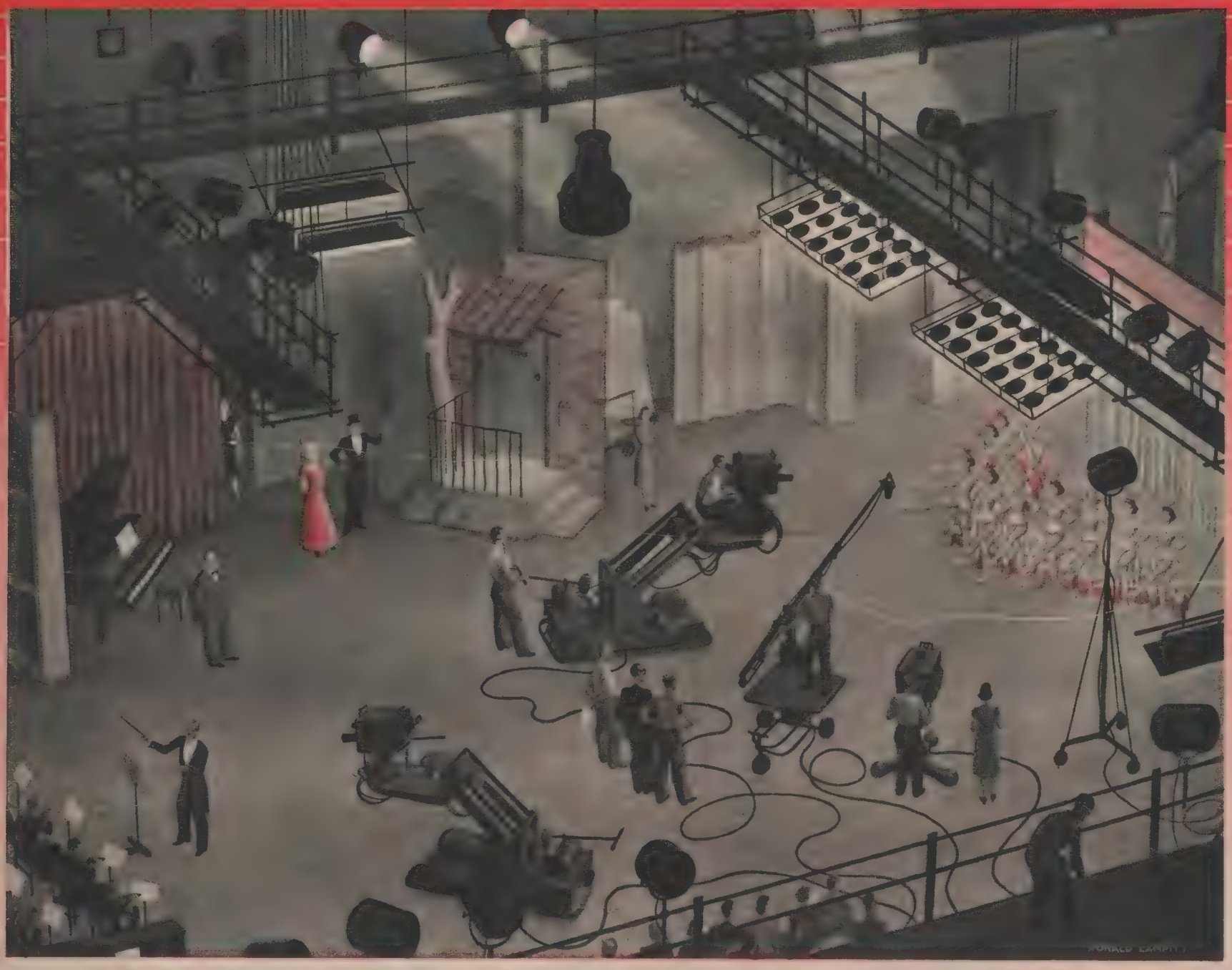
She had only a little way to go before coming on to the firing angle, when I suddenly realized she was altering course away. Cursing, I brought the ship round to port to get on to a new firing course. By the time the helmsman had steadied I knew that the range was opening rapidly, that being well abaft her beam I was now in a very poor firing position, and that if I fired the range would be even greater by the time my torpedoes had overtaken her. The temptation to take a long shot at her was almost irresistible. But I had brought my torpedoes nearly 1,000 miles with the specific object of firing them at the Japanese Fleet, and in view of the mounting odds against success I decided, with

Some of the crew of H.M.S. *Storm*, April 1945. In the fo'c'sle they are celebrating their return home after a long and successful Far East tour

JOHN BULL'S

SEPTEMBER 20, 1952

Guide to Television



A telecast of The Twelve Toppers at Lime Grove studios. *Specially painted for John Bull by Ronald Lampitt: Key on page seven of supplement*

I AM delighted that JOHN BULL has decided to issue this supplement at this particular time. Last month, with the opening of the Wenvoe transmitter, the B.B.C. completed the first stage in its plans for bringing television to the whole country. Television is now available to more than three-quarters of the population of the United Kingdom, a higher percentage than anywhere else in the world. Our next task is to make the B.B.C.'s television programme truly national in content as well as in reach. This is easier said than done.

In this supplement you will read about many important television personalities, many of whom you will have seen on your own screens. But it must never be forgotten that the simplest television programme calls for at least thirty technicians as well as the performers. They range from call-boys and dressmakers to cameramen and lighting engineers.

The B.B.C.'s television programme, complicated as it is, can only be paid for from the sale of licences. There is no other revenue. As the sale of licences increases, so the capacities of the television service increase. This winter will see more and more programmes being drawn from different parts of the country. Many of the men and women who are featured in this JOHN BULL supplement are already busy on the task of making sure that the programmes you see reflect the life of the whole country.

George Barnes

B.B.C. DIRECTOR OF TELEVISION BROADCASTING

JOHN BULL'S GUIDE TO TELEVISION

Stars who make TV

SYLVIA PETERS, twenty-six year old announcer. Petite, dark-eyed, with a keen sense of humour, is perhaps the best-known face on TV. Took the job in June, 1947, after answering an advertisement in a London evening newspaper, and has since announced every type of programme from ballet to baseball.

For years she has not had a holiday turn out to plan. She was taken ill on her honeymoon after her secret marriage in August, 1950, to TV studio manager Kenneth Milne Buckley. Last year they were wrecked while on their way to the Scilly Isles and had to be rescued by lifeboat. In Paris recently, wearing evening dress, they took a taxi to Montmartre and discovered they were being taken quickly in the wrong direction. They hailed a gendarme to be on the safe side and changed cabs.

But whenever Sylvia is recognized—which is often—there is usually a rush to help. Once a policeman, who came to scold her about a broken rear light on her car, finished by crawling under the car to fix it.

At home in her Wimbledon flat—a converted coachman's quarters—Sylvia collects glass and china animals. Likes cooking, singing, playing golf, watching cricket and going to the theatre (she was an actress in several West End shows before taking her first job with the B.B.C.) Was especially thrilled when a lion cub at London Zoo was named after her.

RICHARD DIMBLEBY, thirty-nine year old commentator and interviewer. Chunky, amiable and around sixteen stone, made big impression on viewers with his *London Town*. Now, using the same technique as guide and friend, he gets about the whole country. Turns up in light entertainment programmes like *What's My Line?* but prefers to call himself a reporter. He was trained as one on the *Richmond and Twickenham Times* series, a Dimbleby family property.

In 1950, as editor of *Advertisers' Weekly*, he wrote to the B.B.C. suggesting that radio reporters should be employed instead of the then widespread technique of doing after-the-news talks. He was promptly hired as the first home news reporter.

Since then has had more than one man's share of stunts and excitements. Just before war broke out he took a recording car with drawn blinds to Paris and parked it in a bomb-proof garage, a move that enabled the B.B.C. to broadcast the war's first dispatch. His war reporting covered fourteen theatres of operations and several bombing missions.

Now a freelance, his favourite assignments are Royal occasions. A family man, he lives on a small Sussex farm (which he bought recently) with his wife and four children, David, John, Nicholas and Sally. His hobbies are writing, riding, sailing and talking.

CECIL McGIVERN, forty-five year old Controller of Television and the man responsible for programmes, is a slightly built north-easterner with a mild appearance that belies his drive and forthrightness. Works in a (for the B.B.C.) well-furnished ground-floor office at Lime Grove. When not there, he is usually out meeting people likely to be of use to TV.

A fervent believer in television, he rarely expresses satisfaction about any programme. Appointed to his present post on the resignation of Norman Collins two years ago, he startled the Alexandra Palace staff by informing them that "the fun" was over. "The pioneering is ended," he said. "You're professionals now."

His devotion to TV has for years excluded other interests. Not long ago, he was rushed away from his office for an ulcer-removing operation. On his return; he had lost nearly two stone, but none of his drive. Some tasks, however, he has reluctantly delegated to right-hand men.

A cinema musician in the silent days, later dance-band trumpeter and then schoolmaster, he began his B.B.C. career as a regional assistant. Now recognized as the kingpin of B.B.C. television. A family man, he has three children—Barbara, eighteen, Patricia, fifteen, and Godric, nine.

CECIL MADDEN, born in Morocco fifty years ago, is Assistant to the Controller and in charge of documentaries. Produced the first television programme, *Here's Looking At You!* in August, 1936, for Radiolympia. During the war, produced *Variety Bandbox* from the Queensbury Club for three and a half years, without missing a week, as well as running the Overseas Entertainments Unit. Has the Freedom of the Police Chiefs of the U.S.A. for work with G.I.s. Ten of his plays have been produced in London.

Still has nightmares in which seals, crocodiles and toucans figure, all of which have caused him headaches in his TV variety producing. The seal arrived early for a programme and he popped it into the bath in the star's dressing-room, forgetting to inform anyone: an hour later he was confronted by the shaking star.

The crocodile got loose in the night and greeted the first arrival in Alexandra Palace's entrance hall next morning. The toucan perched determinedly on a lighting bridge and would not move. Madden had to decide whether to open the evening's programmes with a group of serious plays, while the toucan made unmistakably rude noises aloft. He took the chance, but the viewers were puzzled by the on-the-spot criticism.

SEYMOUR JOLY de LOTBINIÈRE, forty-five year old head of TV outside broadcasts. According to colleagues, has the B.B.C.'s trickiest job. Has to negotiate on behalf of TV with the sports promoters who distrust it. Despite the suspicion, however, has arranged coverage of most big sporting events.

Slim, spectacled, 6 foot 8¼ inches, and generally known as "Lobby," he is always at pains to pass on hints to his commentators. For the coverage of the King's funeral, he stationed himself as commentator at Windsor and was said by one critic (in a B.B.C. publication) to be "less sure of himself than some of the other commentators heard along the route."

During the 1939 Boat Race, flew over the river and gave the impression that he was air-sick. When he landed, friends were ready with brandy. But de Lotbinière explained that he could see so little from above that he had to keep handing over to John Snagge, in a following boat.

Understands the difficulties commentators have to face, as he once had to improvise a forty-five-minute commentary when reporting the wedding of Queen Juliana. He talked about everything from Dutch history to Dutch bulbs. Trained as a barrister, he is married, with a six-year-old son.

JOAN GILBERT, 5 foot 10 inch blonde interviewer and compère, was editor of *Picture Page* until a breakdown made her retire from this worrying activity. But she still draws heavy fan mail as interviewer in *Weekend Magazine*. She jokes that she got into the B.B.C. on the golfing prowess of her father, who found her a job as secretary to his links partner, Bill Hanson of *In Town Tonight*.

When Hanson fell ill in 1936, she took over the show and was transferred to the creative side of TV as a reward. When she was given *Picture Page* after the war she searched for a suitable interviewer, but finally decided to do the job herself.

Remembers many exciting incidents, mostly connected with animals. Once a giant panda fixed himself on the set, refused to move and provided the programme with a background of noisy sucks from a condensed milk tin. A monkey bit her in view of the cameras. Five elephants rocked the set. But worst of all, she says, was the time in *Joan Gilbert At Home* when a "fairly safe" leopard came from Whipsnade. "After rough-housing one of its keepers," she recalls, "it had to be held on two chains by reinforcements. The zoo superintendent arrived with two guns and a strong net, in case it 'got naughty.' Apparently, it only wanted to play with me, but I was much too frightened. I hope the viewers weren't."

TERRY-THOMAS, forty-one year old comedian. Stock-in-trade are a gap-toothed grin, an eight-inch cigarette-holder, a polite "How do you do?" and a foppish air. Never without a red carnation in his jacket buttonhole. Projects a dandified, empty-headed gentleman of leisure. Off-duty, is seriously fashion-conscious, but even his best friends are never sure whether he is leg-pulling. Has a scientific approach to humour, and after each programme in his three series of *How Do You View?* held a four-hour inquest.

Got his first inkling of the intimate style of comedy needed for TV through a chance talk with a plumber on a Reading-London train. Recognizing his fellow-passenger, the plumber remarked that he had seen Terry-Thomas doing his disc-jockey sketch both on the stage and TV. "I liked it better at home," he said. "I could see what it was all about."

Terry-Thomas was banned from his school dramatic society and set up a ukulele band in opposition. Was a meat salesman in Smithfield Market before taking to comedy.

Demobbed on All Fools' Day, 1946, took over a bombed barn in South Kensington, did it up and named it "Ye Olde Cowshed." Now, with parquet floors and colourful furnishing, it is one of London's more unusual small homes. In spare time, T-T collects waistcoats of striking design. Also keen on golf and horse-riding.

ANNETTE MILLS and MUFFIN THE MULE have been partners since 1946, when they met in the workroom of the Hogarth Puppets. Annette Mills was once a famous exhibition ballroom dancer and later composed "Boomps-a-Daisy." At one time, Noël Coward telegraphed her brother, film star John Mills: YOUR SISTER THE TOAST OF PARIS.

A broken leg finished her dancing career, and her singing act was smashed along with both arms and a leg in 1943 when a car she was travelling in crashed into the back of a lorry. "Put in a corner to pass out," she confounded the doctors and lived, although it meant three years in hospital and a pain "like broken glass" always in her right hand. This does not stop another of her TV partners, Prudence Kitten, from fitting over it like a glove.

Nine inches high, worked by twelve strings, Muffin was a nameless mule in the Hogarth's Puppet circus until Annette came along. He now receives a large fan-mail, including real and paper carrots, and shelves-full of Christmas cards. While Anne Hogarth pulls his strings, Annette sings his songs and passes on his conversation. Her daughter, Molly, is his illustrator in the children's books about him.

Annette says she likes vegetarian food, good clothes, babies, animals, birds, masses of flowers, travelling, and four-poster beds. Her pet hates are insects and cinema-organs.

RONALD WALDMAN, thirty-eight year old head of TV light entertainment. Dapper, dark and pushful, he usually works a fourteen-hour day as "overlord" of the comedians, crooners, compères, jugglers, dancers and acrobats. Often turns up during rehearsals of variety shows, stays longer than he intends and then has to catch up on his paper work at weekends.

Keen on raising TV standards, he hardly ever misses a variety production. As producer, brought new life to *Kaleidoscope* with his audience-participation techniques, introducing "Puzzle Corner" and the deliberate mistake that made him famous on sound radio. A stickler for having things absolutely right, he once insisted on a cameraman going so close to the target during a demonstration by a champion archer that the arrows ruffled the man's hair as they flew past.

Once a repertory actor and producer, he joined the B.B.C. in 1938 and has been climbing steadily ever since. Took his M.A. at Oxford and was senior history scholar of Pembroke College, but preferred the stage to the Foreign Office. A professional song-writer for some months, he still likes to play the piano creatively.

A bachelor, he makes a point of holidaying in Italy once a year, also enjoys cricket and sailing.

FREDA LINGSTROM, fifty-nine year old head of Children's Programmes. Earned her living as an artist for thirty years, mostly with landscapes, often of Scandinavia, where she was employed to travel and sketch, her drawings being used for posters and books. Her father's parents were Swedish. Her murals in London's Norway House took six months to paint, and were completed on the spot. "I worked high above the Norway Travel Bureau and remember one woman who insisted she wanted merely to go over the border of Norway. It took hours to convince her there was a sea to cross. I think she must have meant Norfolk."

During the war, she worked in a jam factory, then joined the B.B.C. in 1942. Her hobby is making new clothes out of old, and she created TV puppet Andy Pandy from some old rags. Constantly pleads with parents to be selective with the six hours a week programmes for children. "Just because you have a tap, there's no need to have the water running all the time."

Lives at Chartwell Cottage, Westerham, and is on neighbourly terms with Winston Churchill. Is planning to extend her present age limit of 5-15 to include a kiddies' show, *Watch With Mother*.

MICHAEL BARRY, forty-two year old head of television drama, is one of the pioneer producers. Joined Alexandra Palace staff early in 1938 and turned out fourteen plays. In the middle of rehearsals for the fifteenth, in August, 1939, he was called up into the Royal Marines. He served throughout the war and "never gave a thought to TV" until he was demobilized.

On his return, concentrated on developing original play and documentary scripts and found that the wartime break had freshened his approach to the medium. Made big impression with his documentary programme, *I Want To Be A Doctor* and two plays, *The Passionate Pilgrim* and *Shout Aloud Salvation*. Appointed assistant head of drama in 1951 and head this year.

A bulky six-footer with a permanently serious expression, Barry is a country-lover. He spent three years studying farming before going to R.A.D.A. and thence to the theatre for six years as a stage manager and producer, including a spell at the Arts Theatre. Now, he says, the nearest he manages to get to country life is having a home in "the first village west of London," Denham.

Married, with two young daughters, he likes gardening and watching cricket on the village green.

Elizabeth Allan (third from left) guesses the identity of Anna Neagle during a notable *What's My Line?* session. Others in the team are Marg

TV's TOP SHOW

by EAMONN ANDREWS

WHEN ANNA NEAGLE stepped from behind a curtain on the *What's My Line?* set one Monday last January, just about everything had been done to make it an even battle between her and the team. They were blindfolded. They had been given no chance to see her accidentally around the studios, for, with her husband, Herbert Wilcox, she had been carefully smuggled in by a side door.

Anna was almost equally in the dark: she hardly knew what sort of inquisition to expect. True, she had watched from behind her curtain as three challengers were quizzed about their occupations; but that was no preparation for the ordeal to come.

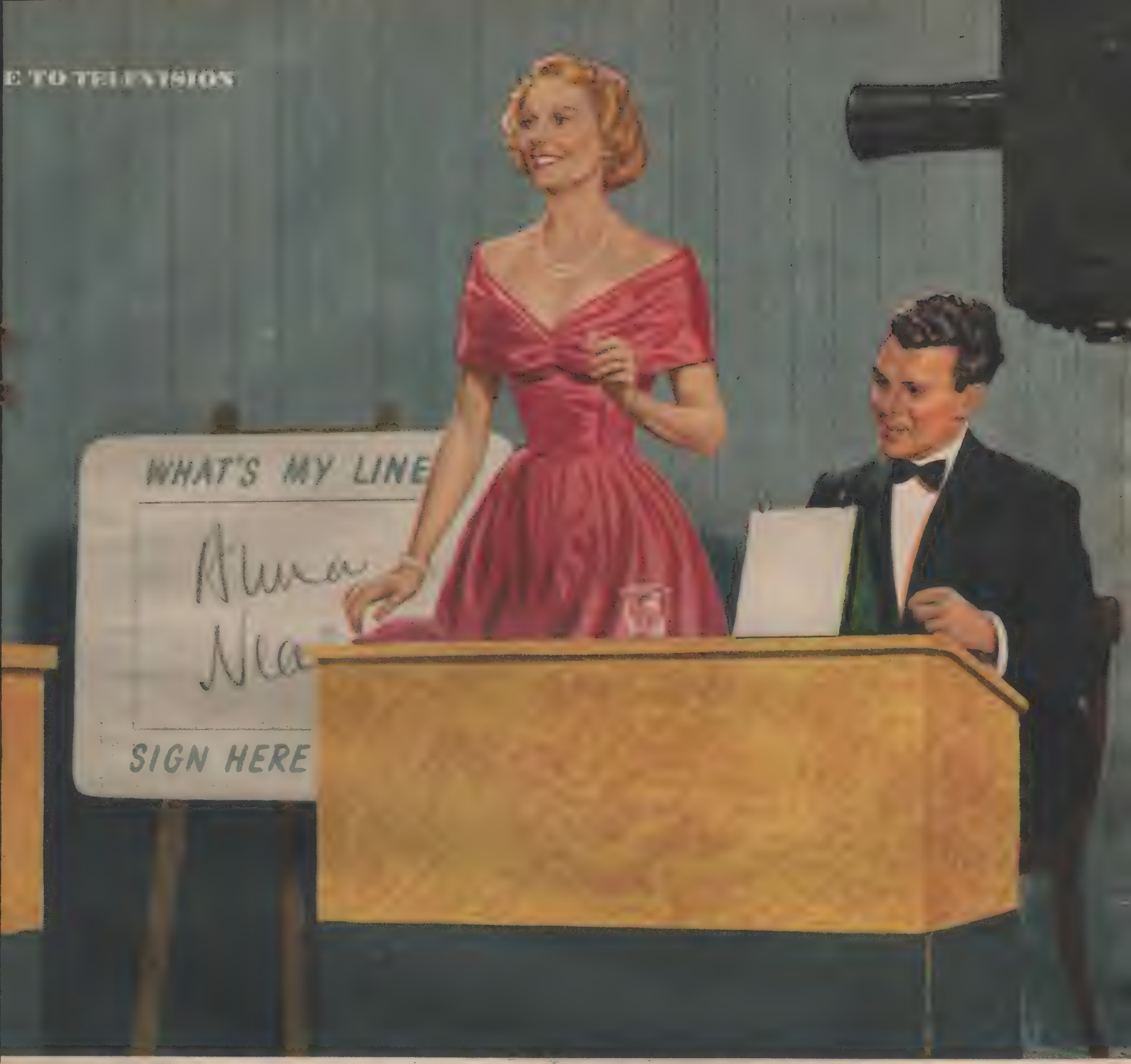
Earlier, in the make-up room, Anna and I had met. She did a bit of quick cross-examination on her own account. "What am I expected to say?" she asked me.

"I don't know," I said.

"Well, what sort of questions will they ask me?"

"I don't know."

My answers just about sum up *What's My Line?* for in this programme one never knows. Our panels —and they are disconcertingly brilliant—don't know what the challengers do for a living or who the weekly celebrity is. And challengers and celebrities share my ignorance, as chairman, of what Liz Allan, Marghanita Laski, Gilbert Harding and Jerry Desmonde — and Jimmy Edwards on his occasional appearances—are going to ask next.

Each show is a completely new game and a new adventure. We can usually expect to meet the most

ghanita Laski, Jimmy Edwards and Gilbert Harding. Eamonn Andrews is on the right • *Specially painted for John Bull by K. J. Petts*

extraordinary assortment of whisky brokers, tail twisters, panel beaters, ear piercers, horse hair drawers and dagger maker's bottom knockers. They come to us as a result of viewers' letters, research by producer Leslie Jackson, and often by personal recommendation. I am sometimes stopped in the street and told about an out-of-the-run job—it was Freddie Mills who tipped me off about winkle-washers.

The programme's surprises are endless. Once, I had no time to explain the rules of the game to all the competitors, one of whom was a Canadian.

When his turn came, he signed his name on the blackboard in the usual way and I told him to do his mime—the trade-mark clue that we allow the questioners. He moved towards the team. To me, he seemed to be doing nothing. But some of the mimes we get are so odd that I kept quiet: I thought that perhaps he was giving *some* sign of his profession, however obscure. After a full minute, he was still leaning over the table near Jimmy Edwards. "All right," I said. "Have you finished your mime?"

"Mime?" he echoed. "I don't know what you're talking about. I'm just looking at this guy's moo-stache!"

As chairman, I often catch it from both sides. There was the time, for instance, when a shoe-black arrived at the studio. Talking to him before we went on the air, I made the mistake of saying his job was unskilled.

"Unskilled?" he repeated.

"Well," I said, "it's not a job you'd call really skilled, is it now?"

"I don't know what anybody else says," he replied. "But I say it's skilled." You live and learn.

From the other side I have made discoveries, too; mainly that Gilbert Harding is about as dependable as an English summer. Often he has smiled and chatted with me just before going on the air. Then we have taken our places, and before I have known what has happened, the lightning has flashed and I have been fighting my way through the rumblings and bumblings of a dictionary downpour.

I have enjoyed it and we have never been bad friends for more than a fortnight. But anyone who says these scraps are put up jobs is off the mark. If Gilbert were that good he would have joined the Old Vic years ago.

I don't suppose he will change in the current series of *What's My Line?* For that matter, I also expect to see our pet glamour professor, Elizabeth Allan, continuing to pull out of the empty air those really miraculous guesses of hers (it was Liz who "got" Anna Neagle); and Jerry Desmonde quizzically defying me to find a personality he has never met.

All I ask now is for a challenger to beat the chucker-out who came determined to defeat the panel. With a gay, dogged disregard for facts, he kept shaking off the questioners.

He knew that every time he answered "No" he was that much nearer beating them (ten "noes" to win). After one of his answers I tried remonstrating with him about accuracy. But he simply leaned across and turned over another of my numbered "No" cards to put himself one more ahead. So I just gave up and resignedly flipped the cards as each negative answer echoed through the studio.

Then one of the team caught him with a tricky question and he came back, determined as ever, with this gem: "Partly no, and partly yes—*but definitely no.*"

JOHN BULL'S GUIDE TO TELEVISION

Stars who make TV

CONTINUED FROM SUPPLEMENT PAGE 3

MORE BIOGRAPHIES IN MINIATURE FROM THE

MARY ADAMS, in charge of all TV talks and features, has been on B.B.C. staff for twelve years. Was a prewar TV talks producer. Widow of Major Vyvyan

Adams, Conservative M.P. Is an expert on heredity and has a sixteen-year-old daughter, Sally. Lists her recreations as "Children, Mass-Observation."

RICHARD AFTON, 40-year-old light entertainment producer, started out as a medical student. After some years' training, he gave up the idea of being a doctor and went to America. Claims to have done nearly everything in show business, even to singing in musical comedy, but can't dance. Opened the Opera House, Cairo, with the first civilian show after the war. Since 1947 has introduced about 300 new acts to TV and produced such programmes as *Rooftop Rendezvous* and *Ice Fantasia*, for which an ice rink was built in a studio.

ELIZABETH ALLAN, 42-year-old film star of the thirties and TV star of the fifties. Made her comeback through *What's My Line?* — television's parlour game. Keeps house in a Georgian block near Hyde Park Corner, London, where she lives with her husband, Bill O'Bryen, London Films executive, and pet bull-terrier, Miss Emily. Likes playing hostess, going to the races and studying race-form. Gifted with sharp intuition, which helps her in *What's My Line?* but does not prevent her, she says, from dropping frequent bricks.

EAMONN ANDREWS, 29-year-old sports commentator and chairman of *What's My Line?* Spends so much time broadcasting, commentating for a cinema newsreel, writing articles and putting in personal appearances that he never gets round to the one thing he has wanted to do for years—write a play. A shy Dubliner, he works from a mews office near Baker Street, London, and likes success but not celebrity-hood. Keen on most sports and the company of writers. Lives quietly with his Irish actress wife, Grainne, in a West Hampstead flat.

IAN ATKINS, 40-year-old drama producer. Noted for the realism he gets into productions. Handled the celebrated documentary series, *The Course Of Justice*. This year produced *Dial "M" For Murder*, which was afterwards adapted for the West End theatre. Other recent programmes: *Line Of Communication*, *The Prisoner*, Ibsen's *The Wild Duck*. Ex-film cameraman, small-part player and stage manager, he joined the B.B.C. in 1938. Married, with two children.

PETER BAX, 57-year-old head of TV design, considers *Hamlet*, *Macbeth* and *St. Joan* his outstanding work. Served as an engineer in both Army and Navy during the first World War. Became a stage manager and, later, stage director at Drury Lane. Originated *Programme Parade* and was producer of *The Brains Trust*. Is married to a Canadian and has three children. Paints for a hobby as well as for a living.

DOUGLAS BIRKINSHAW, 46-year-old superintendent-engineer of B.B.C. Television. Helped to develop TV after joining B.B.C. Research Department twenty years ago and has had a hand in every expansion since. During war worked in overseas broadcasting. Plays organ and piano, has had two songs published and has written thirty more "if anyone is interested." An enthusiastic amateur gardener and bellringer, he lives in Finchley, London, with his wife and two children, Pauline, 18, and Keith, 11.

BERNARD BRADEN and BARBARA KELLY, comedians who came from Canada in 1949 with reputations as humorous actors and story-tellers, but not comics. They improved the set speeches they had ready for their B.B.C. audition with a little light dialogue, and this went down so well that they found themselves elevated to top comedians. As well as keeping busy with TV, radio, stage and film dates, they manage to

bring up three healthy children (Christopher, 9, Kelly, 7, Kim, 3—the last two female), and enjoy their house at Shepperton, on the Thames.

PATRICK BURNS, 30-year-old sports commentator, specializing in ice-hockey, speedway and basketball. A civil servant working for the Canadian Embassy, he settled in London after war service in Europe with the Canadian Army. Watching an ice-hockey broadcast on TV, he felt the commentary could have been better, and said so. Friends dared him to take an audition. After it, he was told he was too fast for TV, but was presently taken on. As a paying sideline, does newsreel commentaries, short films and travelogues. Keen on every type of sport, and says he is trying to save up. Married to an English girl.

PETULA CLARK, 19-year-old singer and actress, appears every weekday morning in the demonstration TV film. Had her own TV show back in 1946, impersonating stars. Played her first straight TV

part early this year in *The Monster Of Killoon*. Won the 1950 National Television Award as the outstanding woman personality. Could sing in tune at 2½, made first public appearance when she was 6, first broadcast when she was 9. Says her favourite diet used to be pickled onions and ice-cream, but is growing up.

WILLIAM CLARK, chairman of *Press Conference*, and TV talker. Made first TV appearance in Chicago, where he was Director of British Information Services. Discovered after interview that he had been on programme advertising ladies' underwear. Was European editor of *Encyclopedia Britannica* and is now on the diplomatic staff of *The Observer*.

MARY COOK, 33-year-old Head of Television Audition Unit since 1947, and has auditioned over 5,000 aspirants. Simultaneously, she is Director of Entertainments at the Nuffield Centre for Forces of the Crown. Was radio programme organizer for Lisbon Radio and married in Portugal. Came back to England in 1943 as Irving Berlin's secretary and became Director of Entertainments for American Red Cross. Works more than twelve hours a day and the only time she sees her Chelsea flat is to sleep.

TOMMY COOPER, 29-year-old comedian, the magician whose tricks never come off. Six-foot-four and straight from seven years' service in the Horse Guards, he went for an audition at a London night club in 1947, calling himself an impressionist. They told him to come back again with another act. Turning comedian, he returned some weeks later and "had the orchestra laughing." Got his own TV series, *It's Magic*, this year. In his act he wears a fez, which he kept on while playing in a cricket match recently. Lives in a London flat. Likes swimming, boxing and ju-jitsu.

JERRY DESMONDE, 44-year-old comedian and *What's-My-Liner*. Joined family dancing act at the age of ten, and since then has had own act, worked in touring revues and concert parties, been chorus boy, and joked in joint acts with brother and wife. Became well known as Sid Field's junior partner and has also helped Bob Hope a great deal. Daughter married to Bobby Howes's son. Seven-year-old son answers to all his four names: Gerald, John, Desmond, Christian.

PETER DIMMOCK, 31-year-old assistant head of Television Outside Broadcasts. Became TV's youngest executive when appointed in 1949. Has produced some 200 outside broadcasts, from Royal events to ice-hockey. Twice had soakings while following Boat Race crews in the TV launch. Brought Royal Ascot to the screen for the first time. Formerly Press Association turf correspondent, he is best known for his racing commentaries, both sound and vision. Married and lives in

Hampstead. Lists his hobbies as flying (he was a wartime R.A.F. pilot and a staff officer in the Directorate of Flying Training), fishing, ski-ing and archery.

PHILIP DORTE, 47-year-old head of TV films. An athletic-looking ex-R.A.F. group captain, he runs a department responsible, among other things, for *Television Newsreel*. Talks fast and to the point. Under him come *Children's Newsreel* and the TV recording system by which "live" programmes are "canned" on film. He especially likes making topical films like *Comet Over Africa*, story of the jet air-liner. Works from an office high in the tower of Alexandra Palace. Married, with three daughters, Diana, 14, Susan, 9, and Charlotte, nearly 2.

JIMMY EDWARDS, 38-year-old comedian, was star bugler in King's College School (Wimbledon) O.T.C., trombonist in the Footlights Dance Band, Cambridge (where he also took a degree in English), and carried his instrument with him from Canada to North Africa in the R.A.F. Won D.F.C. when crash-landed behind German lines at Arnhem in a blazing plane. Rocketed to fame in *Take It From Here*. Bit hand that feeds him when installed as Rector of Aberdeen, saying: "Television is rapidly taking the place of entertainment."

JENNIFER GAY, 16-year-old Children's Hour announcer, daughter of conductor Hugo

Rignold. Was a bridesmaid at the wedding of Peter Thompson, senior producer of TV's children's programmes, and did so well that he hired her. Goes to the Royal Academy of Dancing, where she won the "Solo Award." As best pupil in her class won a visit to Copenhagen for the Hans Andersen Festival.

GRACE WYNDHAM GOLDIE, producer of *Press Conference* and other current affairs programmes. Born in the Scottish Highlands, brought up in Egypt, she gained a degree in history at Bristol, and in philosophy, politics and economics at Oxford. Married actor Frank Wyndham Goldie. Was first regular TV critic and became talks producer in 1948.

FELICITY GRAY, 38-year-old choreographer. Produces many dances and ballets as well as *Ballet For Beginners*. Began her training when she was fourteen, won a gold medal and the Pavlova Casket at the Royal Academy of Dancing. Was *première danseuse* and choreographer with many companies and has also been a straight actress. Was known as Felicity Andreae, but when she married actor John Willoughby Gray she changed her professional name as well. Has recently been teaching movie star Gene Tierney to pass as a ballet dancer in a new film.

PHILIP HARBEN, 45-year-old ginger-bearded television cook, spends most of his waking hours as a canteens organizer in the London area. Whenever possible, likes to cut himself off in his basement kitchen in St. John's Wood to experiment with cookery techniques. Former stage manager,

actor, commercial photographer and film cameraman, now appears in women's TV shows and occasionally in variety programmes. Shares cooking at home with his wife, Katharine. Interested in wine, billiards and talking cookery.

LESLIE HARDERN, 48-year-old organizer of the *Inventors' Club*. Outside the studio has two personalities: public relations expert for the North Thames Gas Board, and weekend farmer at Hayward's Heath, Sussex. Born in Barrow-in-Furness, studied economics at Cambridge, marketed textiles in Italy, set up dress manufacturing company in Manchester

GILBERT HARDING, 45-year-old commentator and grumbler. Born in a workhouse (where his father was Master), has been a university lecturer, Bradford police constable, schoolmaster, correspondent of *The Times* in Cyprus and, most recently, film actor. With a genius for putting people's backs up, he has a stock letter for those who point out his "fluffs": "*My Dear Sir, Yes, I know. Wasn't it monstrous? Yours faithfully, Gilbert Harding.*"

JEANNE HEAL, 35-year-old interviewer. Noted for her handling of delicate subjects. Not long ago presented a successful programme about backward children. Worked on newspapers and magazines before concentrating on radio and TV. Appears in women's programmes and special features. Trained for architecture, she lives in a diminutive Nash house near

BRILLIANT GALLERY OF TELEVISION'S FAMOUS NAMES

Regent's Park, London, with her A.R.I.B.A. husband and two children, Christopher, 7, and Louise, 5. Likes entertaining, dancing and "anything domestic."

RICHARD HEARNE (MR. PASTRY), 44-year-old comedian, comes from a circus

family. Has specialized in being an old man for so long that West End theatre-goers were astonished to see him act his age in *Blue For A Boy*. Is first TV artist to have own signature tune—*Pop Goes The Weasel*. Has two daughters, one of them called Cetra because the day before she was born he sent Cyril Ritchard an opening night telegram, "Best wishes from Dickie, Yvonna [his wife], et cetera." "I didn't want to disappoint an old friend," he explains.

McDONALD HOBLEY, 35-year-old announcer and compère of *Kaleidoscope*. Tall, fair and handsome, was an actor when he applied for the B.B.C. job. Opened in a West End play the day he was told he had been appointed. Born leg-puller, his "feud" with Ronnie Waldman in *Kaleidoscope* has become almost a stock TV feature. Likes working with comedians, reading about yachting and playing cricket. Fond of the country, he lives on the edge of the village green at Chorleywood, Herts, with his wife Betty, a former mannequin, three-year-old daughter Susan Jennifer, and Kilty, a Scottish terrier with a TV reputation of its own.

GRAHAM HUTTON, 48-year old economist and script-writer. Besides gaining first-class honours in economics he was called to the Bar. A Foreign Office expert on American affairs, he ran the Chicago branch of British Information Services from 1941-45. Two of his three daughters were born there. Lives in the Vale of the White Horse, Berks, where he indulges in the hobbies of astronomical observation, visiting Saxon parish churches and riding. Speaks five languages.

LESLIE JACKSON, 42-year-old Lancastrian who produces *What's My Line?* Spends hours between shows searching out odd occupations like that of horsehair drawer and fire-catcher. Finds it harder and more stimulating to get non-entities than celebrities for his quiz show. Once a student at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, he was a flour-miller, vacuum-cleaner salesman, professional boxer and engineer before going into repertory theatre and then into broadcasting. Lives near Alexandra Palace with his wife, Jo, and two sons, Paul, 4, and Sean, 2.

MARGHANITA LASKI, 37-year-old authoress, decided, on leaving school in Manchester, to be a dress designer. When she found she was not good enough, went up to Oxford to study the science of language, but her teachers there advised her to become a journalist instead. Has written three novels, and out of the proceeds of her best-known one, *Little Boy Lost*, has bought a water-mill home in Somerset.

BARRY LEAROYD, 37-year-old senior designer, responsible for many of the sets and scenery. An architect by training, he worked in films and television before the war, in which he started as an Ack-Ack gunner and finished as a Hurricane and Spitfire pilot. Has now designed for several hundred TV productions. Married, with two children, he is interested in motor racing and is a member of the Marylebone Sports Car Club.

ROBERT McCALL, newly appointed assistant director of B.B.C. Television. A 46-year-old Scot who went to Australia at the age of six, he came to Britain at the height of the London blitz to become first director of the Pacific Service. Returned to Australia in 1941 as general manager of the Australian Broadcasting Commission, and in 1945-46 was Press and broadcasting adviser to the Duke of Gloucester. Made assistant director of B.B.C. external broadcasting last May. His recreations are music, record-collecting, swimming and tennis.

MARY MALCOLM, 34-year-old announcer. Since 1948, when she took the job, has

announced every type of studio programme. She has also commentated on fashions at Ascot, interviewed celebrities at the Dorchester and, for child viewers, tobogganed down the slopes near Alexandra Palace. Grand-daughter of Lily Langtry, she studied at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, then joined the B.B.C. as a sound radio announcer and became the "Forces Sweetheart" of the Overseas Service. Married to Sir Basil Bartlett, she lives in the country and has three children, Julia Jane, 14, Lucy, 11, and Annabel, 7. Tall, slim and dark, is fond of the theatre and boating.

CHRISTOPHER MAYHEW, 37-year-old politician and TV chairman. Was Foreign Under-Secretary in the Labour Government and Britain's spokesman at U.N.O. Wealthy, left-handed, prize scholar at Oxford, rugby blue, ex-Commando, had a whirlwind romance with Cicely Dudlam, Foreign Office colleague. They met and got engaged in the same week. Usually dignified (he walked out of the *Quo Vadis* première, "insulted"), was once smuggled into the Royal Philharmonic Chorus at the Albert Hall.

LESLIE MITCHELL, 46-year-old G.O.M. of TV. Once was being televised on a 100-foot turntable ladder at Fire Brigade H.Q. when it ripped his trousers apart. "Trousers or no trousers," he has said, "the show had to go on." Has found straight interviewing, of politicians, stage and screen stars and visiting V.I.P.s, just as exciting and less of a strain on the self-confidence. Prefers working without script. Helped to launch

Picture Page in 1936. Married to Phyllis, daughter of Firth Shephard. Lives in London, but is gregarious by nature and likes travel.

RONNIE NOBLE, 36-year-old cameraman, used five miles of film in Korea. His exciting life has included escaping from Tobruk on a home-made raft, posing as an Italian for four months after a break from an Italian prison camp, parachuting into occupied France with the Maquis, filming the Arab-Jewish war, and being bitten by an allegedly tame squirrel in Ilford.

MAX ROBERTSON, 37-year-old commentator. Covered recent Winter Olympics in Oslo, and has also commentated on ceremonial events. Introduced *Olympic Games, 1952*, a series showing Britain's preparations. In 1948 he made the first "live" commentary from a bobsleigh on the Cresta Run, using an R.A.F. walkie-talkie set. Married to Elizabeth, daughter of author J. D. Beresford, has one daughter, Kim, and lists as his interests: theatre, sport, meeting people and hearing their stories, and travel.

ERIC ROBINSON, 43-year-old Leeds-born conductor, takes on classical, middle-brow and modern music with equal fervour. "In TV," he once said, "you must be ready for anything." During one rehearsal he couldn't stop himself laughing when he heard through

his headphones not music but a voice announcing: "At the third stroke, it will be. . . ." Brother of Stanford Robinson, studied at the Royal Academy of Music, won the Television Society's silver medal this year. Hopes to get enough spare time one day to play golf and apply his specialist's knowledge of lawn cultivation.

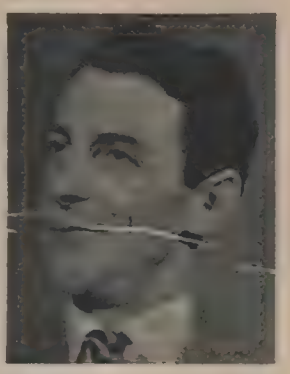
DUNCAN ROSS, 44-year-old documentary script-writer. Often turns up in the most unlikely places looking for "atmosphere" for his programmes. Sat for days in Assize courts while researching *The Course Of Justice*, still regarded as B.B.C. Television's most professional job to date. Other documentaries: *Trial Without Jury, Elvorelli's* and *Loch Ness Monster*. A Scot, he was a cinema manager in Edinburgh before joining Paul Rotha to make the documentary film series, *Worker And The Warfront*. Father of four, lives in North London. Watches films whenever he can; also enjoys sculpture and golf. Recently seconded to help the National Film Board of Canada to prepare for TV.

HELEN SHINGLER, actress, has appeared often in TV plays since July, 1948, when she had a part in J. B. Priestley's *The Long Mirror*. Made big impression in *Marion*, in which she appeared in a blonde wig. A newspaper columnist who afterwards arranged to meet her in the foyer of a Park Lane hotel walked up and down for some minutes while she waited; he had expected a blonde. Other TV appearances: *The Skin Game, Time And The Conways, Eden End* and *Cocktail Party*. Married to a Scot, has a six-year-old son, Murray, and lives near Regent's Park. Keen on music and needlework.

JOHN SLATER, 36-year-old actor and story-teller, appeared as the drummer-boy in *The Gondoliers* when he was 8 and had his first

story published when he was 11. Writes his TV stories in the middle of the night (the only time his house is quiet—he has two children). Then he takes the dog for a walk and tries them out on the dog.

DESMOND WALTER-ELLIS, 38-year-old comedian. Lean and dark, played in a variety of programmes ranging from Chekhov's



The Bear to revues, and has had his own TV series, *Just Fancy*. Married in 1935, has two children, Christine, 9, and David, 5, and lives in a converted farmhouse at Pinner, Middlesex.

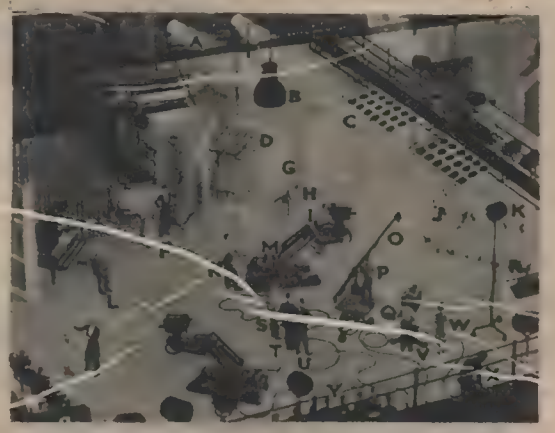
BILL WARD, 36-year-old balding producer of *How Do You View?* and other light entertainment shows. Went right through the B.B.C. mill from control-room assistant at Plymouth to TV engineer at Alexandra Palace. Radar instructor at Military College of Science during the war. Has produced *Vic Oliver Introduces, Starlight*, and *This Is Show Business*. Married, with three children, he lives in Purley, where he spends his leisure time gardening, bee-keeping and listening to classical music.

NORMAN WISDOM, 32-year-old comedian and singer. Used to sleep behind the Marshal Foch statue in London. Now famous, prosperous and happily married, he lived until recently in a caravan parked on the northern outskirts of London. Has just bought a house near his old camping site. Longs to play Jimmy Wilde in a filmed life of the great boxer. Stocky and muscular, he enjoys work, powerful cars and leg-pulling, in that order.

INSIDE A TELEVISION STUDIO

Key to Ronald Lampitt's drawing on the supplement cover

A Floodlights
B Pageant Light
C Camlights (named after D. R. Campbell, B.B.C. television engineer)
D Set in readiness for next sketch
E Wardrobe girl
F Artists
G Scenery truck
H Publicity girl taking "stills"
I Cameraman
J The Twelve Toppers, TV's resident chorus
K Sky-light
L Comedian, waiting for his cue
M Motorized pathfinder camera dolly (mobile)



N Dolly man
O Mole-Richardson sound boom
P Boom operator (floor sound man)
Q Iron Man camera (moves sideways)
R Bathtubs (fluorescent lights)
S Lighting engineer
T Studio manager
U Lighting foreman
V Cameraman
W Make-up girl
X Electrician
Y Studio audience

ABC of better TV

Serious faults are a job for an expert — and, in any case, your set should be checked and cleaned every few months. But here are some hints on better viewing and some tips on troubles that are easy to put right

AERIAL

To minimize car interference, turn H-aerial so that the reflector (the strut without wires) points to busy road.

BLACK OUTLINES

If white objects tend to have a black line down their right-hand sides, tune the oscillator, if it is adjustable. Try less Contrast and more Brightness. But do not worry too much. Many people say objects are clearer this way.

BRIGHTNESS

Do not be afraid of having a really bright picture. As long as the brightest

parts are not fuzzy and the picture is not flickering, you run no risk of shortening the life of your tube.

CAR TROUBLE

Bright round flecks and flying saucers jumping across the screen are caused by car ignitions without suppressors. Try to persuade as many car-owning neighbours as possible to fit suppressors.

CONTRAST

If the Contrast knob fails to give a strong picture, you probably have either an unsuitable or badly erected

aerial, a poor connection between lead-in and receiver, an incorrect setting of the attenuator or of the mains-voltage input selector. Try adjusting the pre-set control marked "R.F. gain" or "Sensitivity."

DASHES

Lines of dashes drifting around the screen like tadpoles come from interference from a radar transmitter.

DEFINITION

If the fine vertical lines within the inner circle of the clock-face of the evening testing-card are not clear, you should get your set retuned and check your aerial.

DISTANCE

Viewing distance, from screen to eye, should be about eight times the depth of the screen. Move back until the lines are not visible.

DISTORTION

If the picture is warped in odd ways, no matter what adjustments are made to the controls, look for the presence of a competing magnet field. For instance, the loudspeaker may have been replaced by one allowing leakage from its magnet.

DUST

The electric charges on the screen attract dust, and either the repair man or you (if your set is simple to take apart) should clean it every two

months. Be sure that the chassis does not twist when you lift it; remove its dust by blowing and with a small hair brush. Wipe the rubber mask with a soapy cloth.

FLASHING

Do not worry about the flash and splutter caused by switching a light on. Loud, inexplicable flashes should send you checking the connections and if a light, sharp tap on the cabinet stimulates it, call an engineer before the faulty connection causes real trouble.

FLICKER

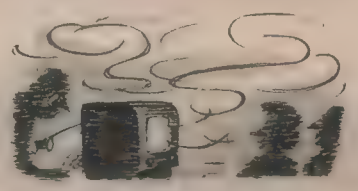
If the picture is flickering rapidly, you probably have it too bright.

FLUTTER

If the picture suddenly starts fluttering and moving towards and away from you, listen for an aeroplane. There is probably one nearby. When it goes, so will the fluttering.

FOGGING

If the picture keeps getting foggy, adjust the Focus. You may be running



the picture too brightly and too contrasted. Or a part may be shorting.

GRAIN EFFECT

If the whole background of the picture is grainy, fix a better aerial.

HARRIS TWEED

A radio station nearby can cause a regular pattern of Harris tweed-like lines to wander through the picture. Or it can be caused briefly by a neighbour tuning his radio set. If it is continuous, have your oscillator retuned.

HEIGHT

Centre of the picture should be three or four inches below eye-level.

HERRING-BONE

Electro-medical equipment often causes part of the picture to be wiped out by herring-bone or tyre-tread pattern. Persuade the hospital or

whoever is using the machine to tune it to a different frequency or to use it outside TV hours.

LIGHTS

Have enough lights on in your room to avoid glaring contrast between the screen and the wall behind it.

LINES

The picture should contain about 380 lines (it is called a 405-line picture, but twenty are lost between successive images). Careless adjustment of the Line Hold and Frame Hold controls can lose up to half the lines.

NEGATIVES

If your picture looks like a film negative, check that the R.F. gain or Sensitivity control is not too far advanced. A valve may need replacing.

OZONE

A smell of ozone with perhaps a slight hissing or sharp crack indicates that the extra high tension voltage for the cathode-ray tube is discharging into the air and sparking. A band of small bright spots may accompany this. Get an engineer to dab parts

with a high-insulation compound before a real breakdown occurs.

SNOWFLAKES

Bright blobs, larger but fewer than those from car engines, come from an electric motor.

VENTILATION

Do not put your set so close to the wall that the parts are not properly ventilated.

WHISTLE

Most sets whistle. It is the parts, not the loudspeaker. If it is very annoying, your engineer may be able to bolt up the line output transformer parts.

WOBBLING

If the picture wobbles like a jelly or is distorted as if ripples of water are passing over it, try reducing the volume. If the trouble then stops, the loudspeaker is vibrating the vision amplifier: remedy, a new valve. If not, try adjusting the oscillator tuning control or have the sound-rejector circuit adjusted. If the programme being watched is an outside broadcast, the fault may not be yours at all.

Z-Z-Z

Your set may cause a buzz in your neighbour's sound radio. Move your aerials as far apart as possible. Or have an earthed screen (of metallized paper or colloidal-graphite paint) put round the interior of your set.

the greatest difficulty and reluctance, that it would be a waste of torpedoes to fire.

"Break off the attack," I said, and explained briefly to Brian Mills, my Number One, why I had come to the decision. The news went through the boat in a murmur of disappointment. Through the periscope I continued to watch the unsuspecting enemy until she disappeared over the horizon. I blamed myself bitterly for having wasted time in trying to close the range. If I had steadied on a firing course immediately after the target's first alteration, I might have been able to fire before she zigged away again. Wise after the event, I realized I had made a mistake.

The strain of the nights was the most exhausting part of being in command. Some C.O.s learned to sleep on the bridge, but though I tried to do so several times I never succeeded. During this first patrol in the Malacca Straits I had a strip of canvas slung between the side of the bridge and the periscope standards, and lay restlessly on my back watching the stars sway gently to the swell. Every few minutes the whole sky would spin slowly through thirty or forty degrees and I knew the helmsman in the control-room below was altering course on to the next leg of the zig-zag. I laid bets with myself, trying to estimate the time to the next alteration. Sometimes the helmsman was a little late on his zig, and I watched on tenterhooks until the heavens duly revolved again.

Around me on the narrow bridge I could see the silent figure of the officer of the watch and the three look-outs searching the horizon with their binoculars. I might doze off uneasily for a while, but then one of the look-out's reliefs came clumping up the conning-tower ladder and I would start up, stiff, chilled and frantic for proper sleep.

Always On The Alert

In the end I gave up the struggle and slept below in my bunk in the wardroom. Even then one half of my brain was always on the alert for the cry of "Captain on the bridge!" After several nights on the billet my reaction to the urgent summons became almost reflex, and sometimes I have rolled out of my bunk feet first on to the wardroom floor, stumbled, still asleep, through the control-room and found myself standing on the bridge in the blackness, demanding "What is it?" and unable to remember how I got there.

But on the nights when we were expecting trouble I did not turn in to my bunk. Part of the night I spent sitting alone in the wardroom. The red lighting cast an eerie, yet almost intimate, glow over the mahogany woodwork of bunks and cupboards and across the curtains which hid the snoring forms of the officers off watch. On these nights I sat at the table with my binoculars slung round my neck, smoking incessantly, sometimes reading, though the dimness of the light prevented too much of this, sometimes just thinking, sometimes dozing with my head on my arms, but always listening with half an ear. Sometimes I would get up and go over to the chart table on the other side of the passage-way, to ponder over the chart of our patrol area for the hundredth time.

When I could stand my own company no longer I would go up top and stand on the bridge. How lovely they were, those balmy tropic nights! The gentle puttering of our diesels' exhausts mingled with the sighing of the sea washing along the ballast tanks. The stars danced in the water, and from the invisible forests of Malaya came faintly a breeze to seduce the senses, heady and laden with a thousand spices.

A Target Sighted

I was still under orders to reserve one full salvo for large warships. On the evening of March 5, however, all submarines in the Malacca Straits received a signal cancelling this instruction. This showed that the staff in Trincomalee were no longer expecting the Japanese Fleet to come our way, and left us free to fire at any worthwhile target. The following day a special signal addressed to *Storm* indicated the possibility of a merchant ship passing our way.

But it was not until the following night that anything came along. Shortly after eleven o'clock the officer of the watch sighted a dark shape to the southward, sounded the alarm, and in accordance with my night orders turned stern-on. When I reached the bridge and began examining the stranger through my binoculars I could not decide what sort of ship she was. There was moonlight, but also a mistiness in the atmosphere which blurred her outline. She was moving on a north-westerly course, and she certainly was not a junk. She could have been a medium-sized merchant ship—perhaps the one I had been warned about—or she might have been something a good deal smaller at a shorter range, possibly a submarine or even, if we were unlucky, a submarine-chaser.

Closing in to attack, I ordered four tubes to be brought to the ready, with alternate depth-settings of eight and twelve feet, and decided to spread my salvo a little ahead and astern of my target to cover possible errors in my estimations. Our radar could not pick her up and appeared to be quite useless. I set the night sight on the side of the bridge to the firing angle and gave the order: "Slow together . . . Stand by."

Looking along the bar of the sight I waited for the dark smudge that was the enemy to move across into line with the luminous pointers. As the moment approached when I was to fire my first torpedoes in action I was disgusted to find that I could not control the shaking of my limbs. Only a length now separated the target's bow from the point of aim . . . now three-quarters . . . half . . . and at last only a quarter. I yelled the order down the voicepipe. "FIRE ONE!"

Torpedoes Raced Away

The submarine gave a little arrested lurch as the first torpedo slipped away. Still crouched over the sight I waited until the enemy's bow had crossed the line. "FIRE TWO!"

The black shape moved steadily on, unaware of the torpedoes racing towards her at forty knots. "FIRE THREE!" And when her stern had drawn just clear of the sight I sent off the last of the salvo. "FIRE FOUR!"

I straightened up and looked right ahead along the line of fire. The torpedoes were running true and smooth below the surface; in the moonlight I could see a shimmering path of disturbance streaking out across the water like a vapour trail. I now had a wild desire to turn away and retire at top speed, but if I did so she might sight us as we turned and have time to avoid the torpedoes. So I gritted my teeth and held my course, feeling horribly conspicuous although we had the advantage of the light. I trained my binoculars on to her again as she approached the line of fire: she was still on the same course and still unaware of our presence. But we were closer to her now than at any time since the attack started, and I suddenly realized, with a stab of dismay, that what we had fired at was, without any doubt, a submarine-chaser less than a mile away.

To my horror she crossed the line of fire unscathed. As she did so she saw the tracks of the torpedoes and began turning towards us. I bent to the voicepipe. "Control-room, control-room. DIVE, DIVE, DIVE!"

The main vents opened and I turned to the men behind me and yelled "Clear the bridge!" While the look-outs were tumbling through the hatch I looked back over my shoulder at the enemy. Black smoke was pouring from her funnel; she was increasing speed and coming in for the kill. Cursing myself for having missed her, I jumped down into the conning-tower, slammed the hatch shut over my head, rammed

Fleet Air Arm photograph of H.M.S. *Storm*.

Storm's officers round the wardroom table. Left to right: Bill Ray, engineer officer; Brian Mills, first lieutenant; Edward Young; Richard Blake, navigator; Dicky Wade, torpedo officer

It shows her returning to base in Ceylon at the end of a patrol. The camouflage was designed to break up her shape while on the surface at night

home the safety clips, and descended rapidly to the control-room thinking hard of all the things I must do.

"Shut the lower lid. Hard-a-port. One hundred feet. Steady on course 130. Shut off for depth charging. . . . Pilot, how much water have we got here . . . ? Let me know when we've been two minutes at this speed. . . ." So long as the enemy was coming in fast her listening apparatus would be ineffective; this was the time to use our own speed for getting as far away as possible from our diving position. On the other hand, high speed under water was expensive on the battery. After two minutes, therefore, I reduced to two knots. At this speed our propellers were practically noiseless. "Stop the fans . . . Absolute silence throughout the boat," I then ordered.

We dropped gently down to 120 feet. In the red glow of the night lighting we waited, tense, silent, expecting to be depth-charged at any moment. Now that the air-conditioning fans had been switched off we began to notice the heat. Sweat oozed from our brows and trickled down from our armpits. I stripped off my shirt and stood in nothing but my khaki shorts, and some of the others did the same.

I looked across the control-room to the port after corner where McIllmurray, the chief asdic operator, was sitting crouched over the asdic set, moving the pointer steadily round the dial and listening through his headphones with patient concentration. Presently he looked up. "H.E. on Green 170, sir." (H.E. is hydrophone effect, or propeller noise.) The enemy was somewhere astern of us.

Two Cracking Explosions

"H.E. increasing, moving left." I altered course fifteen degrees to port, trying to keep the enemy right astern as much as possible, and moved over to the chart table, where Blake had been plotting our movements, to see exactly where we were in relation to the surrounding shoals and decide on my tactics. At the moment I felt rather hemmed in; we were steering approximately east-south-east, whereas our way of escape lay roughly north-west. My best plan was, quite simply, to work round gradually to a north-westerly course, trying at the same time to keep the enemy's H.E. behind us.

Exactly ten minutes after we had dived, McIllmurray spoke the ominous words which every submariner hates to hear: "H.E. closing rapidly. . . . Bearing Green 175, sir."

And then they came, two cracking explosions in quick succession, and the echoes rolled and tumbled for miles over the sandy floor of the sea and came back to us like the sound of a spent wave falling back over shingle. The shock dislodged a few crumbs of corking from the hull above my head, but did no damage to the lights. I remembered my first experience of depth-charging more than three years before, and said: "Not very close." Number One's eyebrows went up, and the coxswain allowed himself a sceptical grin.

We waited. This was what I disliked most of all, this silent waiting, wondering when the next explosion would come, and whether it would be nearer than the last one, and when it came taking it without a chance to retaliate, not knowing what the enemy was doing, our hopes rising and falling with the asdic reports . . . "H.E. moving up the starboard side . . . H.E. decreasing on Red 130 . . . H.E. moving across the stern from port to starboard . . . H.E. increasing on Green 140. . . ."

More Unpleasant News

Ten minutes later, although there had been no further depth-charges, McIllmurray had some more unpleasant news for us. He could now hear two vessels thrashing about astern of us, and it was clear that our submarine-chaser had been joined by another. We spent an hour of anxiety, listening to their movements, but growing more confident as the minutes passed without further explosions.

By one thirty in the morning all H.E. had ceased. We came up to periscope depth and immediately sighted one of the chasers lying stopped only half a mile astern. Hastily we returned to 120 feet. For a while we heard occasional H.E. but nothing close. Then, about a half hour later, the H.E. faded out.

We decided to remain dived and to come up for airing shortly before dawn. At half-past four we surfaced. It was very dark and the moon had set. There was nothing in sight, so we started the port engine and the air-conditioning. Within half an hour a blue flashing light was sighted close on the port beam, and once more we dived hurriedly and continued to stay deep until daylight.

At daylight I came to periscope depth and could see no sign of our pursuers. We had shaken them off, but at least one of them was almost certain to be still poking around near the scene of our midnight attack. All the same, we had to return to our billet. The renewal of anti-submarine activity might mean that the expected merchant ship was coming through, and we must be in our appointed place.

At six thirty we turned round to return to our billet. An hour later we sighted the masts and funnel of a target. We started to make an attack, but scarcely had we begun when we sighted a submarine-chaser about five miles southward. The target came on very, very slowly and soon heavy rain began to fall, completely blotting it out. When the rain had cleared, both target and chaser had disappeared.

The rest of the day passed without incident, but we were suffering from a certain amount of discomfort. We had been dived for four and a half hours without air conditioning during the night, and our spell of twenty-five minutes on the surface had scarcely sufficed to refresh the air completely. By mid-afternoon we were noticing the lack of oxygen more than usual, breathing with difficulty and finding every movement an effort. We were also a little concerned about the battery. At the time of the attack the battery charge had only been half completed, and although there was no cause for immediate anxiety we knew that if we had more trouble during the coming night, and could not get in a full charge before daylight the following day, we should be in a serious position.

On surfacing after dark we were relieved to find nothing in sight. Unfortunately this peace did not last, and although we managed to complete the battery charge this time and were never actually forced to dive, we had a continually disturbed night. The alarm was sounded two or three times for dark shapes that turned out to be junks. And at half-past two in the morning a dark shape was sighted that did, in fact, turn out to be a submarine-chaser; this time we recognized her for what she was and crept discreetly away.

Our recall signal came shortly before midnight. In the late afternoon of March 12, when we were returning to base, we sighted a mast in the distance. The vessel was a small modern coaster of about 500 tons, and she was unescorted. We dived and started the attack. It soon became evident that she was too far away for us to catch her up submerged, and the light was already failing. So we surfaced, and stood by for gun action.

Storm's First Kill

We opened fire at a range of 3,000 yards, and obtained our first hit at 2,500 yards with the sixth round. The fall of shot was difficult to observe in the gathering dusk. The target offered no resistance, but turned right round, stopped, and showed no further signs of life. Whether she launched a boat or not it was too dark to see, and knowing that the submarine-chasers were not far away to the south of me I could not afford to wait for investigation. She did not catch fire, though one or two of our hits produced lurid flames for a moment.

When the coaster settled down in the water on an even keel and finally disappeared, I fell out the gun's crew and wasted no time in getting under way to resume our north-westerly course. It was quite on the cards that the chasers may have heard the sound of the shooting and were on their way to investigate. It was now quite dark. The sinking of our first victim, small though she was, acted as a tonic to our spirits, and all was cheerful in the messes as we sat down to our evening meal.

NEXT WEEK: "Storm" sets out on a cloak-and-dagger operation

SING HALLELUJAH!

Continued from page 13

going. You'll do no good by stopping."

Harold made two attempts to get in touch with Judith by telephone at her office, but each time she refused to speak to him. He sent Mrs. Midgley a conciliatory bunch of daffodils which Tom promptly threw in the dustbin. As far as the Midgley household was concerned, Harold might never have been a welcome visitor there at all.

But as long as the "Hallelujah Chorus" was being rehearsed three nights a week at the Jordan Baptist chapel, Harold could not be entirely forgotten, and the nearer the Festival loomed, the more did the outcast obtrude himself into the collective mind of the Midgley family.

"There's a girl at work," Judith reported, "whose brother sings in the Milburn Road choir and she says he says they've never sung as well as they are doing with Harold."

Tom heard similar reports. Reliable spies spoke almost with awe of the impressive sounds issuing from Milburn Road on practice nights, and although Tom was confident that he was achieving the finest "Hallelujah Chorus" ever sung in Bromford, he could not help being a little uneasy. Uneasy, but more than ever determined that it would be Tom Midgley and the Jordan Baptists who would represent Bromford at the Royal Concert.

THERE were only four choirs in the Open Class at the Festival, for only the Congregationalists and the Parish Church had ventured to oppose themselves to the acknowledged champions from Jordan and Milburn Road. On the night of the competition there was a full house, and an audience brimming with eager speculation. Everyone in Bromford had heard something of the situation, and everyone present was looking forward keenly to the outcome of the duel between Tom Midgley and Harold Barker.

The two less-fancied choirs, whether by chance or sound stage management, sang first. They sang well, because no choir in Bromford was ever allowed to sing in any other way, but their reception was no more than cordially polite. Only when Jordan Baptists came on third did the audience seem to be giving their completely undivided attention.

They sang as they had never sung before, every man and woman bending their voices to the sure will of Tom Midgley, the magnificent old music swelling through the hall in its ecstasy of triumph. There was a long silence when they had finished, but then the applause rolled through the hall like thunderclaps between high mountains.

Tom Midgley, wiping his brow with the back of his hand, allowed himself a smile. "Well done, Jordan!" he said. "That's what I call singing! I'm satisfied. Let that Harold Barker beat that if he can!"

Within a few minutes, Harold was doing his best with Tom's challenge. Hardly had the first few bars of the *Elijah* soared through the tense air than everyone realized that he had indeed wrought magic with the Milburn Road choir. Old Malachi Smith, the experts recognized, had never produced such a swell of harmony from these throats. The Baptists, five minutes earlier, had seemed unbeatable, but could it possibly be that these inspired Methodists were going to be even better? There was little enough to choose, certainly, and when the singing was over and the acclaim had spent itself, there was total silence as the adjudicator went up on to the stage.

For the first few minutes he was technical, criticizing the finer points of the four performances which had just been given. There was a little relaxation while this was going on, a definite shuffling while he wasted words on the altogether insignificant attempts of the first two choirs; but then, as it was seen that he had almost exhausted his preliminaries, attention tightened itself again like a violin string.

"And now," said the adjudicator, "for the marks and the awards. It has been very difficult, as I am sure you will realize, to separate the choirs from Jordan Baptists and Milburn Road Methodists. Never at a Festival have I heard two choirs of such a high standard. I wish I could give each a first prize, but it is my business tonight to choose one. Now, I see from my mark sheet that I have awarded one of the choirs ninety-four marks and the other ninety-five. Consequently I must give the first prize to—" he paused and his slight, nervous cough seemed like an explosion in the great cave of stillness—"to Milburn Road Methodists!"

The hall came suddenly alive again, vibrant with comment, tingling with discussion. Everyone was looking round to find Tom Midgley or Harold Barker, to see how they were both taking the verdict. They could not see Tom, but they did not have to wait long for Harold, for there he was on the platform, being presented with the cup which was the symbol of the first prize.

HAROLD took his trophy, hesitated, bowing an awkward acknowledgment of the applause, and then, with the sudden confidence of a man whose mind has been made up, he stepped to the edge of the platform.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "naturally I am very proud indeed tonight, both for myself and my choir. I'd like to say a lot of nice things about the choir, but the adjudicator here has very kindly said them all for me. On their behalf I can only say thank you all round, but in reply to the compliments which have been paid to me for my part in all this, I would like to say more. Everything I know about music and conducting I learned from one man, and he is the man who deserves the praise tonight, not me. I mean Tom Midgley."

He peered round the hall while the thousand hands below him pounded together with the enthusiasm which a British audience can always find for a gracious gesture. He seemed to be looking for Tom, but could not find him.

"I believe," he went on, "that there's an understanding that the best choir in tonight's contest will be taking part in the Royal Concert later on. I want to say something about that. Ladies and gentlemen, I want to suggest to the responsible committee—and I think they're all here tonight—that we should be represented in the Royal Concert by the combined choirs of Jordan and Milburn Road, singing side by side—and singing, first of all, the 'Hallelujah' as we heard it sung tonight. I want to say, furthermore, that the man to conduct this joint choir is Tom Midgley. And for myself, I'll be proud to play the organ for him."

Louder and louder rolled the applause, but Harold seemed almost to ignore it. His eyes were still scanning the theatre, and at last they came to rest on the front row of the circle. They had seen what he wanted to see, a white handkerchief waving frantically.

And even at that distance, Harold was sure that behind the handkerchief Judith was smiling again. THE END

TANGO FOOTBALL THAT MAKES WORLD CHAMPIONS

Continued from page 18

charges, except that the sun is so strong that spectators whose seats are facing it get a reduction. Because of the heat, however, most games are played at night under the glare of four batteries of lights, with a white ball. Nacional's goalkeeper had objected that he could not see under these conditions, so this match was being played in the late afternoon.

Each player had a number on his back; but there were no programmes to provide an identifying key. "Everyone knows who they are," explained my neighbour between sucks of *maté*, a green, tea-like drink which is sucked from a gourd through a silver straw.

Shouting was organized, and when things were going badly for Nacional, a cheerleader stood up in front of a supporters' block, and waved his arms for the crowd to roar the name in slow, insistent syllables—"NA—CIO—NAL . . . NA—CIO—NAL!"

When the game was not actually in progress, loudspeakers alternated tangos and advertising, occasionally breaking in with an announcement. When they said before the kick-off that the referee was to be Señor Aldridge, there were brief cheers from all around the pitch, for Señor Aldridge is otherwise Mr. Robert Aldridge of Sutton Coldfield, England, and even the most patriotic Uruguayans admit that it is as well to have an Englishman as referee.

Six-foot, forty-four year old Robert Aldridge has been refereeing in Buenos Aires and Montevideo for the last three years. After one match, *El Pais*, the leading Montevidean newspaper, wrote: "Señor Aldridge gives us the impression that he is an authentic master of his job. And when a British referee knows his job, he cannot be surpassed." A spectator put it more simply: "Before he came we didn't know that referees could be so fair." Now they call him El Justo, the just one.

Like Ballet Dancers

Still not a master of Spanish, the language of Uruguay and Argentina, Aldridge conducts his games with ferocious gestures. Occasionally, play is held up while an interpreter explains that if a player does not stop breaking the rules he will be sent off. "But on the whole they are very sporting," says Aldridge. "For instance, they never charge the goalkeeper, and if a man is injured they kick the ball out of play immediately." He agrees that Uruguayans are the most brilliant individual footballers in the world. "What they do with a ball amazes me. They are more like ballet dancers."

Englishmen have always had a strong influence on Uruguayan "futbol." It was the English workers on the railway who first formed a cricket and football club at the town of Peñarol, back in 1891. "Crazy Englishmen, kicking a ball about in the sun," scoffed local workers, taking it easy in the shade of a railway truck. Today, Peñarol is still one of the league leaders.

Game Splits The Nation

The big annual match is between Peñarol and Nacional, and loyalties to these clubs divide the nation even more sharply than political allegiances. As well as the 70,000 who fill the stadium, another 40,000 people wait outside the ground, just to be near the game and cheer the flags which go up on the 200-ft. tower when goals are scored. In the middle of the 1939 match, the German pocket battleship *Graf Spee*, which had been sheltering in Montevideo harbour, steamed out and was blown up and scuttled by her crew. Legend has it that not a single spectator left the game to watch her.

To keep their players in trim before a match, Peñarol has instituted what is officially called a concentration camp—a sports ground ten miles from Montevideo. "Players are paid up to £80 a week, and we have to keep them under lock and key before a match, otherwise they go out and ruin themselves drinking in night clubs," explains their Hungarian coach, Emerico Hirch, who once worked under Herbert Chapman at Arsenal. "I take them back to the concentration camp for another day after the match, or they would ruin their condition with wild parties celebrating their successes. They are very playful."

Sometimes they are playful on the field, too. Nacional's inside-left, Pedro Cea, had a reputation as a wag. Once he got behind a goalkeeper, who was standing by the goalpost for a corner kick, and dexterously tied his shirt to the net. When the ball came across he was able to score without difficulty.

But usually football is regarded as deadly serious, and when Uruguay was one goal down at half-time against Brazil, the strong favourites, in the 1950 World Cup Final, captain Obdulio Varela called the players together in the dressing-room. "Men," he exhorted, "make the heart of Uruguay beat in the toes of your boots!" The words are enshrined in Uruguayan history, for the team first drew level and then, with a few minutes to go, scored the winning goal.

As the final whistle blew, crowds swarmed to the centre of Montevideo, the trams stopped running as the drivers joined in the celebrations, and soon hundreds of thousands of people jammed the main street. The President of the Republic proclaimed three days' holiday, and sent a special plane to bring the heroes home. Uruguay had triumphed again. THE END

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16/6 *per bottle*

8/9 *half-flasks with liqueur-cup top*

YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU GOT GILBEY'S

FAMILY REUNION

Continued from page 20

Lyla," said her father. He gave her an appreciative look, noting her resemblance to himself. He was, in fact, pleased with all his family at this moment. He looked forward to tomorrow morning at the printing works, when he would speak with nonchalance of his son's "bit of luck."

The quiet son-in-law, who had acquired a reputation for wisdom by almost never speaking, now spoke.

"I'm thirsty," he said.

Mrs. Evans sprang up. "I'll make tea for everybody."

"I'd sooner have coffee," said the teenager.

"You'll drink what the rest do," said her father. In these days he disapproved of this girl. He disliked the way she dressed, the way she talked, the way she looked—almost ready to burst with health. Now she threw herself back in her chair, stretched out her legs, and sulked.

Her mother gave her a proprietary look. "Come in with me. You can make yourself some coffee."

The girl ignored this, for she wanted to continue with her sulking.

There was so much to say, so many speculations about Jimmy's future, that it was midnight before the married couples left.

IT was a restless night that Henry Evans and his wife spent. As they lay side by side in the dark, one of them would no sooner begin to get drowsy than the other would renew the talk about Jimmy and the prize money. They were still awake at three o'clock. Jimmy's new situation in life was considered from every angle. They planned exactly what they would have done with the money. Henry felt how much better than his son he was equipped for such a responsibility and he told his wife how he was going to take the boy in hand, right from tomorrow, and guide him in the way of prudent investment and careful living. He enumerated the points in which he would give Jimmy counsel. It was then that Mrs. Evans grew sleepy. Soon he was left awake in the dark alone.

He scarcely realized that he had slept when the alarm went off at six-thirty. Yet when he set out for work he was brisker than usual. He bought a morning paper and, chuckling in a half-apologetic way, pointed out the picture of Jimmy and Lyla to the other passengers in the bus. The report described Lyla as a slim blonde.

Mrs. Evans had a morning paper, too, and when she read that she laughed out loud. "Slim blonde!" she exclaimed. "She's no more a slim blonde than I am." She pictured Bill Clark greeting Lyla tonight with, "Hallo, slim blonde!" And she wondered how Lyla would take it. She hoped there'd be no unpleasantness.

It was hard to get on with her housework this morning for her friends and relations kept ringing her up. Some dropped in to congratulate her. Added to this, her excitement made her less efficient. She kept letting things slip out of her hands. She broke her best cake plate. Ronnie developed a cold in the head and Joanne disappeared with her friends and did nothing to help. The lemon custard for the cake was inclined to run. At the fruiterer's she went quite wildly extravagant and bought a basket of out-of-season strawberries. Everyone in the shop knew about Jimmy.

All day long she kept expecting Lyla or Jimmy to ring her up. She knew how busy they were yet she kept on expecting it. Every time the telephone bell rang she was sure it was one of them on the line. She kept counting the hours till seven o'clock. That was the time she had set for the celebration. Half an hour before that time she was dressed in her best, and Joanne had, under pressure, consented to set the table.

Everything looked inviting, Henry Evans thought, when he came into the room. He gave an admiring glance at his wife, at her flushed cheeks and bright eyes. He himself wore his Sunday suit and the tie she had given him on his birthday. He looked spruce and dignified. He said, "I've been thinking we ought to have some flowers for Lyla. It would show her we know how to do things in style."

"Flowers cost a lot," said his wife. "I've spent enough on this supper as it is. Anyhow, Lyla didn't do anything. It was Jimmy who won the money."

"This is no time for economy," laughed Henry.

He hurried out, down the stairs, through the undertaker's and into the street. He bought three orchids, tied with a bow of chiffon, at the florists. He bought something else, too, and when his wife saw it, she cried: "You shouldn't have brought that stuff home. I've got plenty of soft drinks and Bill's sent a case of beer."

"This is just for us old folks," he grinned.

"I won't touch it. You know that."

"I mean Lyla and me."

She had to laugh, but she was annoyed at him, both because of the expense and because of her fear that he might take too much of the stuff. He was not a man who could carry his liquor well.

He took the bottle of whisky into the kitchen and uncorked it. The small boy knelt on a chair beside the table, watching with interest.

"May I taste, Dad?" he asked.

"If you want."

Ronnie picked up the cork and gingerly licked it. He made a face. "I don't like it."

"Let's hope you stay like that."

"Do you like it?"

"Once in a while when I want to celebrate."

"Like tonight?"

"Yes, like tonight."

"Dad, now Jimmy's rich do you s'pose he'll help you and mum?"

"I hope so."

"If I was rich, I would."

"I'll bet you would."

THE first to arrive were Bob and his wife. Lizzie looked tired, but her pretty face was lighted by an excited smile. She looked admiringly at the table, carefully set out with good things to eat and, laid by Lyla's plate, the three orchids. She picked them up and examined them.

"What do you think of that?" asked her mother-in-law.

"Well, I've certainly never had an orchid."

Evans spoke from the doorway. "I'll buy you one when your baby arrives, see if I don't."

"Don't worry," she returned, a little sharply. "I don't want any orchids."

She went into the bedroom to take off her things.

The married sisters and their husbands now arrived. They had

MAZO DE LA ROCHE, author of *Family Reunion* and the world-famous Whiteoaks family novels, has no family of her own. She has never married. But she has an adopted son and daughter—René, aged twenty-one, and Esmée, twenty-three—and lives with them in her native Ontario, Canada. She is in her sixties.

The Whiteoaks books are still top favourites—twenty-five years after *Jalna*, the first, was written. They have been filmed, staged—the play of *Whiteoaks* ran for over two years in the West End—and translated into practically every European language.

Miss de la Roche has just completed her twentieth novel. It is called *A Boy In The House*, is about an orphan, and will be published in Britain shortly.

TAKE MY TIP

A QUICK and simple method of fixing a guard on an electric fire is to use a wire mesh cake rack, which can be bought for a few shillings and secured with wire passed right round the back of the reflector. I used one 14 in. by 9 in., but many sizes are available. As they are usually well-tinned, they do not rust or look unsightly.—J. Peters, Shrewsbury.

JOHN BULL *pays three guineas, on publication, for simple, original tips that show other readers how to carry out useful jobs in better ways. Address contributions to TAKE MY TIP,* JOHN BULL, *189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, including (if they help) diagrams or photographs with the text. It is regretted that contributions cannot be returned unless they are accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.*

brought all the newspaper cuttings and pictures they had been able to collect.

There was a great deal of laughter as the cuttings were compared with those Mrs. Evans already had. Everybody was excited. Envy was forgotten in happy expectation. Bob filled glasses for all but the younger ones. It was arranged by Henry Evans that, as soon as the door opened and Lyla and Jim appeared, a health was to be drunk to them. Everyone was a little tremulous.

Lyla and Jim were already late. Mrs. Evans had taken the scalloped potatoes from the oven but now she wondered if she had not better put them back.

"I'm going to give Jim a ring," said the father, "and find out what is keeping them."

"Don't be fussy, Dad," said his plain daughter. "They're likely on their way."

"Well, I'll give them ten minutes, then I'll ring."

Before that time had passed the telephone rang.

"Somebody else to congratulate us," Mrs. Evans exclaimed. "You answer it this time, Bob."

Willingly, Robert took up the receiver. The more congratulations the merrier. "Hallo." He smiled expectantly into the telephone. He listened for a moment, then the smile left his face.

"Why, Lyla," he said, "you can't do that."

His sisters demanded: "Can't do what?"

"Sh-h," he ordered them, and again listened.

"But mother's got everything ready," he said loudly. "We're all waiting."

"What's the matter?" cried his mother.

"O.K.," he growled into the telephone and banged down the receiver.

"Is Jimmy sick?" Mrs. Evans demanded.

"No, Jimmy's not sick. But some of Lyla's people are there and Jim and Lyla can't leave. She says they'll be over after supper."

MRS. EVANS flopped into a chair. Her face was blank with disappointment. "If that wouldn't make your blood boil," exclaimed the pretty sister.

"I knew it'd be like that," the plain one added. "Jim will be dragged just where she wants to go and he won't go anywhere else."

"But I've got the supper ready," wailed Mrs. Evans.

Her son-in-law Bill patted her shoulder. "Don't worry, Mother."

The quiet son-in-law remarked: "There'll be all the more for the rest of us."

"But I made all the things they like," she moaned.

"Let me have that phone," said her husband. "I'll tell that woman a thing or two."

"No, no, we mustn't have any words," she said. "Not at a time like this."

"But it's so *mean*!" cried Lizzie.

"What time did Lyla say they'd come?" Mrs. Evans asked of Bob.

"About nine o'clock. She said they were sorry."

"Sorry!" echoed Lizzie scornfully. "They've spoilt everything."

"No, they haven't." Mrs. Evans forced herself to be cheerful. "We'll just enjoy our supper, as though nothing had happened and then, when they come, give them a hearty welcome."

Grumbling a little, they obeyed her. They carried their beer to the table and drank it there. Bill told a funny story and the four wives laughed immoderately, as though forcibly to throw off the shadow that had fallen. Henry Evans began to show off a little, as he liked to do in front of his family. Mrs. Evans, who usually tried to repress him in this, now encouraged him. By the time the meal was finished they were in quite good spirits, even though the orchids at Lyla's place were a constant reminder of the absence of the guests of honour.

WHILE the women cleared away, Henry Evans brought out the bottle of whisky and poured drinks for the men. The hands of the clock moved with added speed, it seemed, and before they realized the lateness of the hour, ten o'clock was striking.

Bob said angrily: "What the dickens has happened to Jim and Lyla? Why don't they come?"

The quiet son-in-law muttered under his breath, "They're not coming."

"Not coming!" Bob's voice was sharp with anger. "I'll see whether they're coming or not." He strode to the telephone and dialled Lyla's number. Every face turned expectantly towards him. The women came from the kitchen and gathered about him, the pretty sister standing closer than the rest and trying to overhear the conversation.

"Is that Lyla?" he demanded. "Oh, tell Jim I want to speak to him." He put his hand over the mouthpiece. "It's some friend of theirs. She's gone to fetch one of them. I can hear a lot of voices. Must be having a party there, too. . . . I'll tell that boy a thing or two when I get him on the line." He removed his hand from the mouthpiece.

"Hallo! That you, Lyla?" He spoke with false geniality. "Well, we're getting tired of waiting. When are you and Jim coming over?"

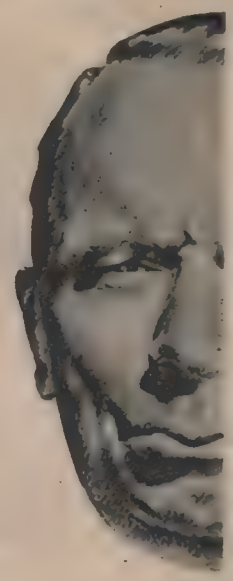
They could hear Lyla's voice, but he interrupted her. "Bring them along. Lots of room here. We'd like to meet them."

Now Lyla was speaking. Bob's tone changed. He exclaimed roughly—"Send that kid to the phone. I want to tell him he's got to come."

Again Bob listened, his face flushed and a frown darkening his forehead. "What—too tired to come?"

Henry Evans, who already had had

no axe to grind



Who can tell you which new radio set is best for you? Not us — we don't know you or your needs and anyway we are slightly prejudiced! Not your friends and neighbours — they haven't the technical "know how" and their well-meant free advice can cost you a lot of money! You need a first class radio engineer with no axe to grind, a man like your Murphy Dealer. He has the skill. We know, for we helped to teach him. He has a reputation for honest dealing. We know. We picked him for it. He'll tell you fair and square what sort of set he thinks will suit you best. If it turns out *not* to be a Murphy — well, that's disappointing for us, of course, but *you* are a satisfied customer.
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a little more to drink than was good for him, strode to Bob's side.

"Give me that receiver," he ordered. Bob put it into his hand.

"Now," Henry rapped out in a staccato tone, "Explain yourself, Lyla. I want to know just why you and Jim haven't turned up tonight."

He listened attentively, standing very erect. Lyla's voice rattled on and on in the telephone.

Mrs. Evans put in somewhat shakily, "If Jimmy's too tired, tell Lyla it'll be all right."

Her husband did not reply. His attitude was so rigid that everyone in the room became rigid. Ronnie felt that someone was being unkind to his mother and he climbed on to her lap.

Would Lyla never stop talking! Would Henry go right on listening, with that terribly set expression! Presently he did speak.

"Listen," he said, in his most educated voice, "Listen, Lyla, for this is probably the last time I shall ever speak to you. I just want to tell you that, when Jim married you, we—every one of us—felt pretty sick. We thought you'd lead him round by the nose. Now we know it. We don't care what you do. You and he can go to hell and stay there for all we care. Send Jimmy to the phone. Tell him to come or he'll be sorry." The last words were almost shouted into the receiver. His family could see how he was trembling.

"Oh, Henry," implored Mrs. Evans, "do be careful——"

He stopped her with a furious look. Then he said: "Is that you, Jim? Well, aren't you a mean dog—letting your mother get a fine supper for the celebration and never coming to it? If I had you here I'd mop the floor with you. What?"

He listened to Jimmy's mumbling at the other end and then broke out: "We don't want you here nor your wife either! You can go your own way from now on—you sneaking, snivelling, hen-pecked little louse! As for that bitch Lyla——"

Mrs. Evans was coming towards him, calling out: "Henry—*stop it!*" He slammed the receiver down, strode to the table and poured himself a drink. He stood swaying with it in his hand, glaring belligerently.

LIZZIE was unnerved. Tears were trickling down her cheeks. Bob sat scowling at the floor. "I don't like this kind of talk," he said, "in front of my wife."

"Shut up," said his father. "I don't want any lip from you." He drained his glass.

Mrs. Evans came to take the bottle away but he guarded it with his body. "No, you don't!" he said. "I'm going to have a little fun out of this—after all the expense I've been put to."

After another moment of shocked silence, he said: "The trouble is, you've spoilt all the children. You made a fool of Jimmy from the start because he was delicate. You've made fools of them all. You've made a fool of me. But I'm not going to put up with anything else." He waved his arm derisively at the circle seated about the room. "Look at them!" he said. "What a stupid lot. Look at their faces. Look at the wives and husbands they've chosen. Not the kind of people I was brought up with. And more of them coming!" He gave a sardonic jerk of the head towards Lizzie. "More and more of them! Almighty God, I'm sick of everything."

He took another drink and walked swaying but still light on his feet up and down the room, swearing at them all. Lizzie had never seen him like this before. She began to feel completely unnerved.

"Don't mind what he says," Mrs. Evans counselled her. "He doesn't mean a word of it."

"It's shameful the way he goes on." The pretty daughter used her lipstick, as though to fortify herself.

"What's that?" shouted Evans. "What's that about me going on?"

"I didn't say anything," she muttered, reddening.

"You'd better not. If there's any man in this city could keep his temper better than I have tonight, by God, I'd like to meet him!" Another blast of profanity leaped from his trembling lips.

Lizzie got heavily to her feet. "I want to go home," she whimpered. "Ring for a taxi, Bob."

"You bet I will," he muttered, giving his father a resentful look. "And we'll not come back here in a hurry."

Mrs. Evans began to cry.

Bob called a taxi and led Lizzie to the bedroom where her coat and hat were. Evans followed them to the door and, while she put on her things, treated them to some more bad language. Bob kept his back turned. As the young couple moved towards the head of the stairs, Evans had an idea. He went to the disarranged supper table and found the orchids he had bought for Lyla.

"Here you are, Lizzie." He proffered the flowers with a leer. "Don't say I never gave you orchids."

"I don't want them!" she screamed hysterically. "Take them away!" She tottered at the head of the stairs.

Bob picked her up into his arms and carried her down. The taxi-driver was waiting by the outer door.

EVANS followed after Bob and Lizzie, clutching the banister with one hand, while in the other, at arm's length, he held the orchids.

"Lizzie, Lizzie," he called, chuckling evilly, "do accept them, with my love and respect."

Lizzie went on crying as Bob, without a look at his father, carried her to the taxi. Evans stood in the doorway alone. The street was quiet and a fine rain was falling. The night air calmed his brain. He could hear movement in the room above, and then the sound of his daughters and their husbands leaving.

He took a walk up and down the street, then he noticed the orchids he still carried. He dropped them in the doorway and slowly climbed the stairs. His wife was stacking the dishes in the kitchen sink. She did not look at him.

"Has everyone gone?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Kids in bed?"

"Yes."

He came close to her. "Let me help."

"I'm not going to wash dishes tonight. I'm too tired."

"I bet you are. Me, too. Tired out."

She did not upbraid him. She put her large, kind hand on his arm. "Get to bed," she said, "or you won't be fit for anything tomorrow."

He laid his head on her shoulder and began to cry. THE END

"Ah, well . . . back on the beat, I suppose"

"Now let me see—if I were a car key, where would I hide?"

ESCAPE—OR DIE

Continued from page 11

to join other parties. They would make for the hills near Kuala Lipis and join the guerillas.

Next day they faced the problem of how to escape, and down at the docks, manhandling the crushed concrete and debris, they conspired in whispers whenever they could. Rodriguez, a little fearfully, consented to help them all, but only on condition that they did not escape during the day when under his care. He had a wife and six more children to consider. "If you can get out of the compound at night," he said, "come to my house at Paya Lebar and I'll lead you to the boat."

The Escape Plan

Back in the cage they made a plan for the following night. The lights always came on at six thirty, and then the tropical night fell with its usual swiftness. If they could somehow smash the lighting system they could rush the gate when it was dark and scatter into the banana trees and lalang grass.

The gate was only a flimsy bamboo affair strung with barbed wire, and just outside it the guards lived in a little atap hut. Other guards patrolled on the other side of the cage, but, if it was dark enough and the escapers moved quickly, most of them could probably reach the jungle before the guards could get into action.

They had all noticed the junction boxes of the electric wiring running along the ground just outside the barbed wire. McCormac said, "I've got long arms. I can reach a couple of them and yank 'em out." They were keyed up to it now, scared but resolved. There was no going back. Anyone who backed out now would be bayoneted in reprisal after the escape. Donaldson had a last grim word before they tried to sleep: "If anyone's wounded or falls behind, there's no going back for them. They'll have to be left."

They all agreed. McCormac, eyeing them, thought what a desperate team they looked—dirty and stinking all of them, with cropped heads and thick beard stubble, hungry and skinny-ribbed, dressed in filthy, ragged shorts and brutalized by circumstance.

He sweated more than usual at the docks next day in case Teruchi should send for him, but the day passed much as usual, except that most of them managed to walk back to the cage with thick sticks hidden in their shorts. Donaldson had found a lump of lead and a couple of feet of thin rope. He knotted the lead to the end of the rope to make a "bolo" club.

About a quarter past six Donaldson and a couple of others stood round McCormac while he reached through the barbed wire and yanked two electric leads out of a junction box. In ones and twos they were all wandering over to the front gate.

Six thirty came and nothing happened. Dusk was gathering in the hot clearing. To switch on the lights, a Jap soldier walked out of the atap guard hut and crossed to another little atap hutch where the power plant was. He vanished inside and, presumably as he pulled the switch, a flash lit the hutch from the inside; there was a puffing explosion and the roof burst into flames.

"Now!" someone yelled, and jumped forward, the others streaming after him. The bamboo gate burst in front of them as they trampled through, and at the same moment Jap soldiers came running out of the guard hut and screamed at the sight of them. Two had guns and raised them, but only three or four shots cracked out before the prisoners were on them.

McCormac smashed a lump of wood into a little Korean's face, and the Korean dropped. McCormac brought the wood down again on his skull, which seemed soft. He tugged the bayonet out of the Korean's belt and ran for the banana trees. Dim figures were running with him.

He looked back and saw bodies on the ground and Donaldson struggling with one of them. "Come on, you bloody fool," McCormac screamed, and Donaldson seemed to fiddle a while with the body and came running after him. Machine guns opened up on the other side of the cage, and then they were stumbling through the lalang grass, zigzagging between the banana trunks and the huge green leaves that slapped against their faces.

Through The Jungle

McCormac found himself with Donaldson; they ran on for several minutes till the crashing noises near them in the jungle grew fainter. They slowed to a walk for a while, sweating, hearts pounding, and breathing noisily. McCormac's mouth was dry and he felt a frightened exultation inside him. When he had enough breath to talk he said, "Why in God's name did you wait back there?"

"The guard had my bolo," Donaldson said.

"Why did you let him grab it, you fool?"

"He didn't," Donaldson said. "It was sunk in his skull and wouldn't come out. I brought his bayonet instead."

They broke into another run after a while, and then walked again till they regained their breath before running once more when they came out of the banana trees into secondary jungle, endless lalang grass to their waists and the occasional stunted banana tree in the rocky ground. It was fairly dark but they could just see enough to dodge the obstacles and made good time, keeping to the outskirts of Singapore town where many Eurasians

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lived and where they might pass as Eurasians instead of being stopped by any Japanese they came across. Once they thought they saw a party of Japanese as they crossed a road, but they dived into the grass again on the other side and were not hailed.

It was several miles to Paya Lebar, and when they were out of the rubber trees they moved warily, hunched low with only their heads peering nervously over the dry tips of the lalang grass, which rattled with a terrifying noise as they brushed through. Some time after ten o'clock Donaldson picked out the bulk of the big tree that Rodriguez had said was about fifty yards down the track from his house. The darkness was heavy and still, almost cool after the steamy heat of the day, but they were both sweating and trembling as they sat down by the trunk of the tree.

Ten minutes later the grass rustled; they crouched silently, and as two shadows neared they recognized two of the party. During the next quarter of an hour several more arrived, and McCormac crawled off round to the back of Rodriguez's house and knocked quietly on the door.

The Alarm Was On

In a few seconds Rodriguez came out, dressed in slacks and a dirty singlet. Somehow he had heard of the escape from the cage and was nervous. "I think there is an alarm," he whispered. "I cannot risk my family by taking you to the boat."

He told McCormac exactly where the boat was, hauled up on the mud of the mangrove swamp near Kranji Point, about three hundred yards west of the spot where the Causeway threaded across the narrow strait to Johore. He took McCormac's hand and pressed some paper into it (it was 350 Jap dollars), squeezed the hand, whispered "Good luck," and vanished behind the door. McCormac crawled back to the tree and found that fifteen of the party had arrived.

They waited nearly half an hour for the other two, but they never came, and three or four said they thought they had seen them shot or bayoneted in the escape. It seemed fairly sure that two of the Jap guards were dead, too, and probably at least one more.

They all knew now that if they were recaptured there would be no simple ceremony such as a bayonet in the stomach, but a more prolonged business—probably the bamboo treatment, where a man is lashed down, tightly spreadeagled over some young bamboo shoots. The bamboo grows about five inches a day and the tips are sharp enough to be neither stopped nor diverted by a human body.

In twos and threes they set off for Kranji Point, the groups keeping about twenty yards between them, led by McCormac, who knew the area better than anyone else. Again there were several miles to cover and McCormac tried to keep in the gloom of the rubber trees that bordered the Yio Chu Kang Road. Near Kranji Point they ran across the Naval Base Road and slipped in among the twisted trunks and roots of the mangroves. They closed up to keep together and a minute later McCormac led the compact group on to the mud flats.

Either by luck or judgment he had led them well: on the mud over to the left by the water's edge lay two small boats. But almost in the same instant as McCormac spotted them, he and Donaldson and the others in front saw dark shapes moving about ten yards away.

Struggle With Japs

Those in front tried to back; a shout came from the dim shapes and one of the escapers yelled, "Japs!" More startled shouts, and McCormac was running with some of the others at the dark shapes. There were two or three orange flashes and the jarring cracks of point-blank rifle shots, and the two groups tangled in struggle.

McCormac hacked like a maniac with his bayonet; a Jap fired two more shots from a machine pistol and McCormac crashed into him and they both went down, the Jap underneath. McCormac was stabbing him and suddenly it was all over.

Someone they thought was a Jap was running into the fringe of the mangroves, bodies were lying on the ground and other men stood around gasping. There were eight escapers left on their feet, and the bodies of six Japanese soldiers and several escapers on the ground. All the people lying on the ground seemed to be dead.

Someone said in a hoarse whisper, "Come on. There'll be hundreds of them here in a minute." They ran over to one of the little boats and shoved it down towards the water; it slid fairly easily over the slime into the oily water and they tumbled in. They found a paddle lying in the bottom, and one of them dug the blade into the water and drove the little boat slowly out into the strait.

Caught In Searchlight

After the first fumbling seconds they quietened down and were about two hundred yards out, making a little headway through the quiet sea, when a searchlight flickered into brightness on the Causeway. The beam lay flat and dazzling on the water, and then it started to sweep towards them. "Down," McCormac whispered.

Flat on the floorboards they huddled under the level of the gunwales, conscious of soft light as the beam slid across the boat, then darkness and light again as the beam swung back. It played around them for a long time and they waited in terror for the sound of an approaching launch.

It seemed to be hours before the light flicked off. The Japanese must have thought it was an empty boat adrift, because no launch came. When

Continued on page 33

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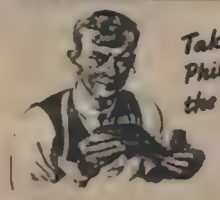

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ESCAPE—OR DIE

Continued from page 30

at last they sat up again the scattered lights on the shore and the Causeway had retreated into the distance, and they did not know which way they were facing.

"We've been drifting," McCormac said. "There's a hell of a strong tide here and we're probably moving out to sea."

"Thank God for that," said Donaldson. "The farther the better."

There was no point in paddling when they did not know where they were going, and they investigated the boat. It was small and old, and on the floorboards, up in the bows, they found a small drum of water, some dried fish and some rotten fruit.

Dawn seemed a long time coming and they lay quietly in the boat until the fresh pink in the east showed flat grey sea with the dead, oily look one finds in the tropics. As the light grew stronger the land showed as a dark line low on the sea in the track of the sun. In turns they tried to paddle towards it, but the tide was still running strongly and it did not seem that they were making headway.

The boat had a short mast but no sail, and they all took their singlets off and were knotting them together to make a crude sail when Donaldson noticed two dots in the sky over the land. Within a few seconds they saw that the dots were aircraft heading their way. The planes were quite low and flew steadily towards them—seemed to be passing to one side of them when both swung towards the little boat.

"They're Japs. Zeros," McCormac said tersely. "C'mon. Overboard!" He dived over the side into the water, which was quite warm. Someone said, "Hell! What about the sharks?"

Two or three of the others jumped over and the rest stayed in the boat, warily watching the fighters, which curved in and slid, roaring, low over the water to one side of the boat, dropping wing-tips to watch. In line astern they climbed a little, turned steeply, slanted down and ran in for the kill.

In panic, the last men in the boat were tumbling over the side and, as the first flashes came from the leading fighter, McCormac, who had swum about twenty yards from the boat, took a deep breath and went under. When he came up the water was laced with foam torn up by cannon shells and the boat was upside down. The leading fighter was turning in again, and he went under once more.

When he surfaced, bursting from the strain of trying to hold his breath, the water was frothing again as the second fighter slammed in a blare of noise overhead. Each fighter made two more firing passes: then they circled and turned back to the land.

McCormac swam over to the upturned keel moving sluggishly in the water. Donaldson reached it at the same time, and McCormac remembers the beads of water glistening in his stubbly beard. Two more heads bobbed beside them, the owners panting and splashing. McCormac recognized them as two British soldiers whom he knew as Roy and Skinny. There were no other heads in sight.

Donaldson panted, "Let's turn this damn' thing over again," and they reached up clumsily to the keel, heaved on one side and the boat came slowly over, full of water and with the gunwales just above the surface.

Someone said, "Get in, for heaven's sake, away from the sharks," and they floundered over the gunwales, nearly turning the boat over again. Virtually floating inside her, they looked for the other four. There were no signs. McCormac said laconically, "Sharks or bullets." There seemed to be nothing more to say.

NEXT WEEK: A nightmare trek through the jungles of Sumatra

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*

THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN FLIES

Continued from page 17

pot of French marigolds on top of a tall terra-cotta stove and the radio was playing quietly.

He smiled at Constanta and said thickly: "I was coming to see you. . . . Couple of thugs beat me up. . . ."

Constanta took his arm and brought him inside and sat him on a chair.

"Oom Paul—have we got some brandy left?"

The old man nodded and rose. She herself went out through a small door, and Furse heard the sound of running water. The old man came to the table with a bottle and a glass.

The brandy bit into his throat and made him cough. Constanta came back and put a bowl of hot water on the table. Capably and gently, she began to bathe his cuts. The touch of her hands on him was comforting, tempting him to sink back into the bliss of abandoning himself to her care.

"You've been very kind," he murmured. "I ought not to have come here——"

"I'm glad you did." She took his hand and began to wash the dirt from the abrasions on the palm. The old man stood silently at her side.

Furse groaned softly. She saw his eyes close slowly and his head sway. The old man moved forward quickly and they caught him as he fell.

WHEN he woke, it was daylight. On the boards over his bunk was a dappled movement of sunlight and he could tell that they were moving. There was a sturdy throb of a motor and the regular *slap, slap* of water.

He sat up. His jacket was hanging beside the bunk and he had just found his cigarettes when Constanta came in without knocking. She held out a mug of coffee to him. She was wearing a skirt and blouse and her legs were bare and sunburnt.

"I thought you might be awake. I looked in an hour ago and you were dead to the world. Do you feel all right now?"

"Yes, thank you. A bit stiff, but otherwise. . . ."

"Oom Paul went along this morning early and paid your hotel bill and brought your things. You told us you had to return to Dintelsaas today. Did we do right?"

"Of course. You've been very kind. . . ."

She smiled at him. "Oh, that does not matter. But I do not understand clearly. W'.y should those men attack you?"

He put the coffee down and saw that she was watching him with a curious look on her face.

He shrugged his shoulders. "They were after my wallet, I suppose."

"Did they get it?"

"No."

They were silent for a moment, awkwardness hanging between them. He was tempted to tell her the truth, not only about the men and his wallet, but about himself, and the temptation was strengthened by his liking for her. She interested him, stirred his curiosity to know what her relationship with Sluiter had been, but he had no guarantee that she might not be equally curious about him.

She said suddenly, "Who is Jimmy?"

"Did I talk about him?"

"A bit—when we were getting you in here."

"He's my boy——"

"Oh, I see." Unreasonably, Constanta felt disappointed. "You're married?"

Furse shook his head. "No. I was—but it all went on the rocks." Then, seeing she was uncomfortable, he went on, "We're under way, aren't we? I must get dressed and come up."

Constanta nodded. "We'll be in Dordrecht very soon. You can get a bus to Dintelsaas from there."

When he came on deck later, they were running down the river to Dordrecht and already the towers and rooftops of the town were showing above a line of trees. The *Zeehond* was a diesel-engined barge, a long, low, broad-beamed vessel with a raised wheelhouse and living quarters aft, a capacious run of hold space and further living quarters in the bows. It was here that Constanta had her little cabin in which Furse had slept. Behind they were towing a dead-barge, laden down almost to the gunwales, with Oom Paul's wife at the tiller. Now and again Oom Paul would shout something to her from the wheelhouse: she would nod for a moment and then go back to her knitting.

Constanta was sitting on the dinghy lashed to the small foredeck, peeling potatoes. Furse got out his knife and joined her.

They sat there talking in the June sunlight, and the peace and contentment of the river seemed to move into both of them. The strangeness and strain between them had gone. To Constanta it seemed that he had been there many times before, chatting to her, making her laugh now and again, and all the while his big, neat hands worked quickly.

It was a characteristic of his which she liked, the easy efficiency of his movements, the precise control of the big, lazy body when he was engaged in a job. . . . She saw the thin glitter of sunlight on the hairs of his wrists, the brown smoothness of his forearm muscles, and she surprised a sudden impulse in herself to reach out and touch him.

"What are you thinking about?" Furse said. "You're not peeling those potatoes, you're massacring them."

"I'll never make a good housewife." She laughed.

"No? I'd take a chance on it any day. So would any man."

It was said jokingly, but she wished he had meant it, even while she told herself not to act like a schoolgirl.

The confluence of the river at Dordrecht opened up before them and the town swam up on the breast of the river, still and reflected, like something out of a canvas by Vermeer.

When the *Zeehond* berthed, Furse stayed aboard and had lunch. Afterwards, he walked into the town and caught a bus. He was back on the *Arletta* by six o'clock.

Now that he was on his own again, the threat of trouble from Rohner became insistent. Sooner or later the man would realize that he could not be forced into working with him. When he did, sheer vindictiveness could drive him to extremes.

The task which lay ahead of him was to find out where, in the stretch of water called the Haringvliet, was located some mark which was known as the Seven Flies. The words *Zeven Vliegen* written on Sluiter's overlay indicated, he felt pretty certain, a fixed mark by which the tracing could be orientated on the 192 chart. Unless he found the place, he might just as well go back to England.

HE went out of Dintelsaas just as it was growing dark. An hour later he was in the Harringvliet and running gently on the motor towards the occulting buoy light which marked the island of Tien Gemeten. He swung into the channel known as the Vuile Gat, along the northern side of the island, where there were two or three fathoms right up to the shore, and dropped anchor, bow and stern, lying a few yards from the bank.

He went below, locked himself in, took his revolver from the water tank, had a liberal whisky for a nightcap, and was asleep within ten minutes.

The next morning, as the first light was breaking, he was up and busy. There were lazy little coils of vapour rising from the surface of the slack tide, and among the rushes on the shore of the island, reed buntings were calling harshly to one another. After making sure he was not watched, he went over the side in the dinghy and unscrewed his stem and stern nameplates, replacing them with new ones bearing the name *Felicia*.

They were false plates he had carried with him ever since he had started to work with Charlie, but this was the first time he had used them. The new name, he hoped, would give him cover for a couple of days at least.

As the tide began to ebb, he ran down the Vuile Gat until he was about half-way along the island of Tien Gemeten. Then he swung over to the north shore of the channel and slipped into the stone-walled cut which ran up into Nieuwendijk Harbour. There were only a few houses at the head of the quay and at low-water he had three feet of depth, which was not enough for the *Arletta*, but he moored her with a couple of springs fore and aft, to keep her steady on the bottom.

It was no good sailing about the river in the cutter. She was too easily recognized, despite her false name. He got the outboard motor from the stern locker and fixed it to the dinghy. While he was working, a boy came down and asked him if he wanted any milk or eggs: he gave the lad a list of provisions which he promised to have aboard by the evening.

Furse asked him, "Do you know any place around here called *Zeven Vliegen*?"

The boy did not.

He decided to work the north shore from Hitzersekade up to Hellevoetsluis, and on the south side from Stellendam down to Den Bommel. By the afternoon he had worked the whole of the north bank up to Bakkershuisje, just abreast of the seaward end of Tien Gemeten. But here, as there was a strong west wind blowing which was throwing up a nasty chop across the current and making the dinghy uncomfortable, he decided to swing over to

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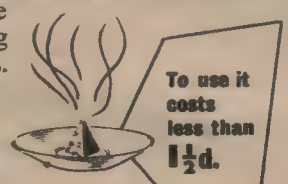

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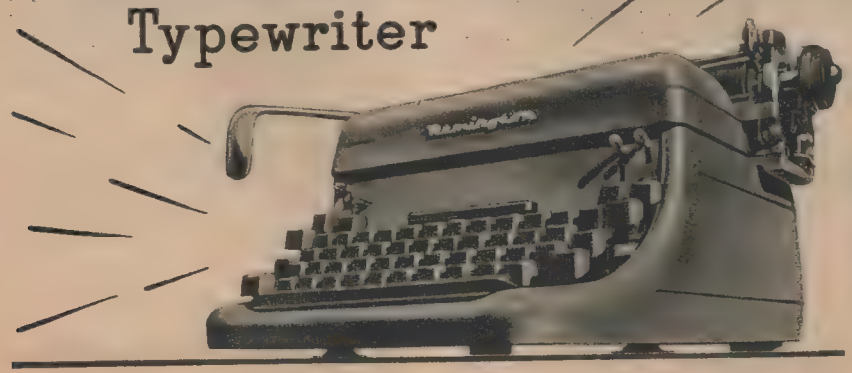

the south shore, to Stadsehoek, and work downstream in the lee of Overflakkee.

The procedure he followed was simple, but, he felt, effective. If there was a post office, he inquired there. Then he tried the harbour or lockmaster, and then if there was a café or bar open he tried there. But nowhere did he have any luck and he soon became tired of himself and his parrot-like question.

At eight o'clock that night he was back at Nieuwendijk. A whole day had passed without a glimmer of hope. All day his impatience had grown. Time was a currency he could not afford to squander. He made himself a supper of fried eggs and new bread which the boy had brought, washed down with *Oranjeboom* beer which he had bought at Den Bommel. He was asleep by ten o'clock.

The next morning, at the turn of the tide, he was out of the harbour and racing down the Vuile Gat on the breast of the outgoing flood, and with a fine south-easterly wind pushing him along. After the dinghy work it was a pleasure to sail again.

Seven Flies . . . he kept saying it to himself; he *had* to find the place, house, landmark, whatever it might be. Kapitän Walter Maserling had used it as a mark; Maserling was a German and methodical. He would never have chosen an orienting point which might be obliterated. It was some permanent object whose position could be fixed.

Two hours later, Furse tied up alongside the quay wall of the tramway harbour at Middelharnis on the south bank. The rest of that day he spent working up the shore, seawards, as far as Stellendam.

It was a beautiful day, and everything went wrong. *Zeven Vliegen* meant nothing to the people he spoke to, the petrol leaked from his spare can into his food parcel, the outboard motor broke down three times with water in the carburettor; and as he leant over to bring the motor inboard, his cigarettes fell into the water and it was hours before he could buy a new supply.

WHEN he got back to the *Arletta*, very late, he found that during the day some boat had come alongside awkwardly and laid a fine score two feet long in the paint of her bows. He rubbed the mark down, cursing to himself, repainted it and went below, too tired to bother about supper.

He lay on his bunk and drank half a bottle of whisky. Finally he slept, heavily, fully dressed, until ten o'clock the next morning.

He woke up angry at his own dejection and half convinced that he would never find the *Zeven Vliegen*. The whole project seemed to him now to be degenerating into a fantastic purgatory which he had devised for himself, a bumping, *put-putting* discomfort in which he motored apprehensively through eternity on the breast of the muddy Maas. Always there would be the windmills waving sadly to him from the green polders, and the patient figures of nursery-cut Friesian cows turning their gentle heads at him as he went by, their eyes full of a liquid mournfulness.

He had now only the strip of shore between Hellevoetsluis and Bakkershuisje to cover. He was not looking forward to going over to the small port of Hellevoetsluis. It was an obvious place for Rohner to have stationed a man. He would have to take *Arletta* over, too. The weather looked as though it were going to change for the worse and he did not want to have to make a stormy crossing back to Middelharnis that night in the flimsy dinghy.

He was making ready to leave Middelharnis when a Dutchman in a blue shirt and white shorts, whose steel-hulled cutter lay a little farther up the quay from him, came aboard and presented him with a bottle of Schiedam gin and his apologies for having marked his boat when he had come in the previous evening. He offered to pay for the damages.

Furse told him not to worry, and convinced him that he was forgiven by opening the bottle and drinking a glass with him. In the course of their talk he asked him his question, and got a familiar reply.

"There's a restaurant called the Five Flies in Amsterdam. I've never heard of a Seven Flies in the Haringvliet." He was silent for a moment, his face solemn with thought. Then he said ponderously: "*Vliegen*, you know, is a Dutch name. That is how the restaurant in Amsterdam is called—not after flies, but after the name of the family who started it in the sixteenth or seventeenth century. Maybe you should inquire for a family called Vliegen?"

It was an idea which had not occurred to Furse, and as he sailed over to Hellevoetsluis he thought about it. He came through the harbour entrance and idled up to the landing stage below the lock entrance. As he came alongside, he backwatered and called to a man standing on the quay. He flung his stern warp, saw it safely into the man's hands, and then slipped forward and jumped ashore with the bow rope. He fastened it round a mooring post and then went back to the man who had helped him.

THE man was looping the rope in a hitch round a stone bollard and, as he straightened up, Furse saw that it was Anselm Dekker, Rohner's watch-dog. For a moment they looked at one another and then Dekker smiled. It was a curious smile, half friendly, half regretful. He stood there, his blue suit rather dusty and his trousers clamped at his ankles with bicycle clips. Propped on the quay behind him was a bicycle with a tiny auxiliary motor over the back wheel.

Furse sat down on the bollard and lit a cigarette. He cursed himself for risking the run over to Hellevoetsluis. Now he could kiss a nice little fortune goodbye. The only virtue left to him was to accept his bad luck with good grace. He glanced up at Dekker and said, "You weren't long finding me."

"I should have been quicker, *mynheer*, only I did not expect that you would do anything illegal." Dekker nodded to the *Felicia* nameplate on the stern. "A ship must carry the same name as her papers."

"Where's Rohner?"

"In Rotterdam."

"And how do you come to be here?"

"In another half-hour I was to take the ferry across to Middelharnis. I wanted to examine an English yacht, Swedish pilot cutter type with one Englishman aboard, name—*Felicia*. It has the same number of letters as *Arletta*. A pretty name, too."

"After an aunt of mine. How long have I got before Rohner is on my tail?"

"As long as it takes me to telephone him and for him to get here. He should be here by this evening."

Furse knew what was happening. It

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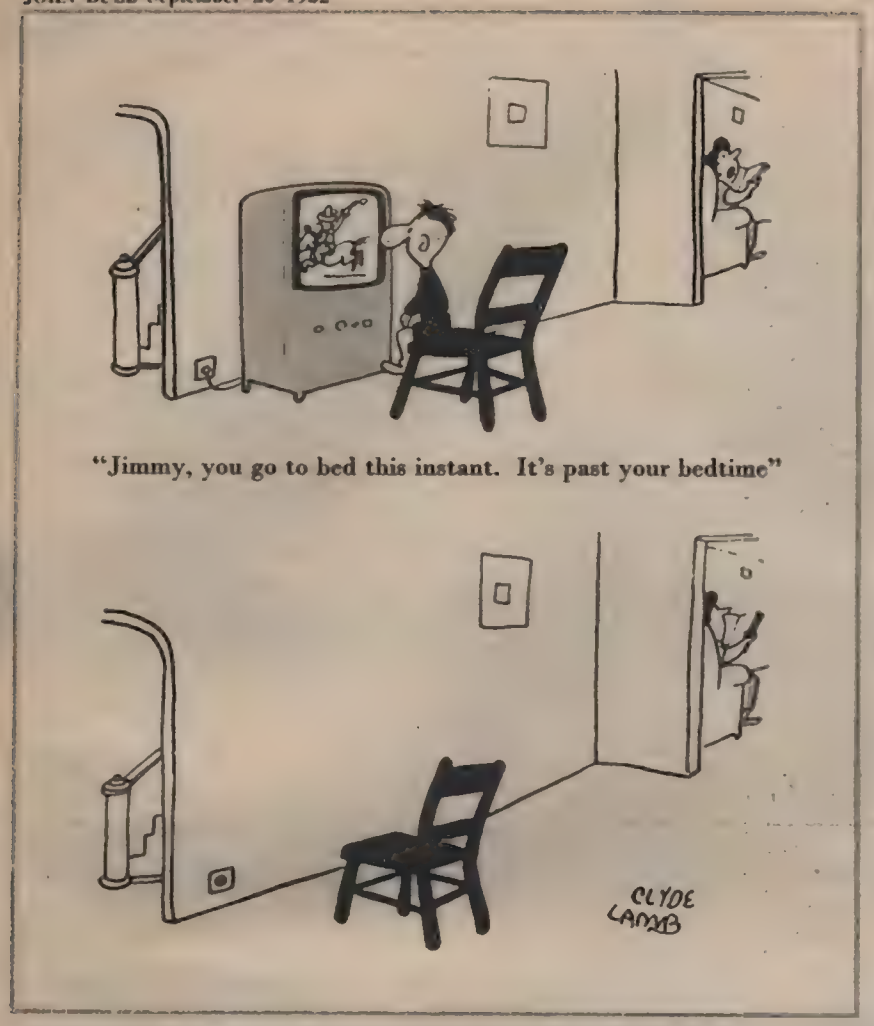
by ROFFE THOMPSON



"Jimmy, you go to bed this instant. It's past your bedtime"

was no good accepting bad luck. Fight it, he told himself—there is always a chance so long as one hammers away at hope. "If you had gone across to Middelharnis, and missed me and then found I was here this evening, he couldn't have done much until tomorrow morning," he suggested.

"That's true, *mynheer*."

"Would you like a ride on the ferry?"

Dekker smiled. He was a man of understanding. "How much would you be prepared to pay?"

"Ten guilders."

Dekker, shaking his head, pulled out a cigarette packet that was empty and tossed it into the water. Furse handed him a cigarette.

"Fifteen guilders, then. That's the limit. I'm not a rich man."

"But you have hopes?"

"Why do you say that?"

"It is a hope all men retain until the last. I think I would like to go to Middelharnis."

Furse went below and got his money. He also brought up a couple of bottles of beer and some bread and cheese which he shared with Dekker on deck. Presently Furse asked: "How strong is your loyalty to Rohner?"

"Thirty guilders a day and the bonus when the job is done."

"How much is the bonus?"

"It has not been fixed yet, *mynheer*."

"Do you know what all this is about?"

"Only what I guess, *mynheer*. There is money in it, obviously. Enough to justify either you or Rohner having killed a man called Sluiter. Would you like some advice, *mynheer*?"

"Why not?"

"You should go back to England. This is a pleasant country if you do not mind flatness, but there is too much water and in some places too much loneliness. A man can disappear and never be found. In the Hollandsche Diep, for instance, you can bury something in the sands of one of the *slikken*, and in a couple of tides it is eight feet under, and in a couple of days it is gone for ever. During the war a great many Germans disappeared like that."

"I'll think about it."

"I doubt it, *mynheer*. I shall now go round to the ferry and have a sleep in the waiting-room. Thank you for the lunch. I do not hope to see you again, but I am afraid I shall." Pushing his bicycle, he moved off along the quay.

As soon as he saw the ferry-boat go out, Furse went quickly ashore. For the moment he had gained a respite . . . there was still a little time left to him.

He went up to the small post office in the town. The place was empty except for a pale-faced man with a large adam's apple behind the small serving window.

"Is there anyone called Vliegen who lives in the district?"

"No." The man was sorting postcards and hardly looked at him.

"Or any place or house called the *Zeven Vliegen*?"

"No."

Something about the man's manner irritated him. "You're certain?" he asked sharply.

"Yes." The man seemed not to have noticed the asperity in Furse's voice. "I've lived in this district forty years. Never handled a letter for a Vliegen or a letter addressed to any *Zeven Vliegen*. What are you? Police or debt collecting?"

"Neither. I'm looking for a friend."

"If he's a sailor or a naval man ask at the café down the road. Someone might know him. But he isn't a resident."

FURSE went down the road to the café. There was an old man sitting on a stone post by the door and inside four men playing cards and drinking cups of *slagroom* laced with brandy.

Furse ordered a glass of beer from a woman who came out from the back of the café. When it came, he put his question to her and the four men. None of them could help him.

Furse gave up and leaned back. They left him alone with his beer. The heat of the afternoon had worked into him and he felt lazy and dispirited. He drained his beer and stood up. There were a few more places he could try. He had not been over to Tien Gemeten yet and anyway he could not stay in Hellevoetsluis that evening.

As he stood outside the door, the hot sunlight striking down at him, the old man sitting on the stone post rose and gave him a gentle nod. He was a very old man, his face cut and furrowed with age and his mouth sunk back into a dry, taut pucker on his

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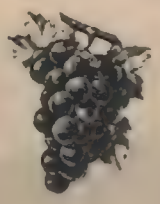

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"Remember this part, Margaret? He isn't really killed at all. He comes back and tries to kill the girl later on in the film"

shrunken gums. He was short and gnome-like, an effect heightened by a black woollen cap and a tight-fitting suit of wrinkled corduroy. He wore little gold ear-rings and a red jersey.

In a reedy voice, he said in good English, "Heard what you said, though your Dutch ain't so good as you think. English, ain't you?"

"Yes."

The old man fell into step alongside Furse, who slowed his pace to accommodate him. "Looking for a friend of yours, eh? Vliegen?"

Furse gave the man a sharp look. He was old, but there was nothing wrong with his hearing or his wits, and he had the impression that the man was enjoying some joke.

"Yes. Do you know him?"

The old man nodded. "Bet your life. See him every day when I visit my wife. She don't live with me. Like to see him? It'll cost you ten guilders."

Furse said quickly, hope rising in him, "You take me to Vliegen and I'll make it twenty."

"Sure?" The old man sounded a bit worried now. "No matter what?"

"Take me to Vliegen and the money is yours."

"This way. But not too fast, eh?"

They went slowly through the town and down a dusty side road lined with neat little market garden plots with lettuces and cabbages set out in military lines, and then past a low, white-fronted house with curving gables which held Furse's attention for a while.

The old man paused, spat in the dust and nodded towards a low white gate. "In there."

They walked up a neat gravel path. On either side were trim squares of grass and smooth mounds backed by headstones.

"That's my wife," said the old man. He jerked his head towards a fairly new headstone at the left of the path. "And that—" he led Furse over the grass to an angle of the surrounding wall, "is Vliegen."

Furse found himself looking at an old headstone in slate, worn and beautifully patinaed by time. Across the top was a fine eighteenth-century carving of an angel's head, flanked by skull and crossbones. Underneath in a delicate lettering which he knew must have been done by a true craftsman was an inscription commemorating one Johannus Vliegen of Krabbensplaat who had died in 1799.

"That's Vliegen," said the old man a little nervously. "The only one around here. Remember, you said twenty guilders—no matter what. . . ."

It was not until Furse was back in the *Arletta* that it occurred to him that the old man might after all have earned his twenty guilders. Johannus Vliegen had lived on Krabbensplaat, which Furse knew was a small island off the end of Tien Gemeten. It had been a long time ago, but there might be some family association or mark on the island still which would explain the phrase "Seven Flies."

He looked up the island in a yachting guide, and found that Krabbensplaat was a small island of about 200 acres, remarkable for its fine pastures.

He decided to have a look at the place. With Rohner soon to be on his tail, he could not stop in Hellevoetsluis.

He passed the ferry boat just outside the harbour entrance and saw Dekker standing on deck. He went upstream towards Krabbensplaat and Tien Gemeten. He had passed the little island before, hanging like a pendant off the end of Tien Gemeten, but had paid it little interest for he had imagined it to be uninhabited. He swung down the Vuile Gat, watching the island through his glasses.

ALMOST at the end of Tien Gemeten, he noticed a break in the bank. For a moment, as he idled by on the motor, he saw a finger of water running into the island. He looked on his chart for the cut, but it was unmarked.

He stood across towards Stadsehoek on the Overflakkee shore and anchored in three fathoms of water fifty yards from the shore and well out of the main channel. *Arletta* swung her nose seawards to the coming tide. Krabbensplaat was half a mile away from him and slightly forward of his starboard bow.

He drew up the dinghy which he had been towing, shipped the outboard motor and went across in the early evening light.

He edged in close to the south-western bank of the island. When he was abreast of the mouth of the cut he shut off the motor, and decided to use an oar and scull himself in. He came in, sounding now and again with his lead. There was plenty of water except over the bar at the mouth of the cut, where it shallowed to just under a fathom.

The cut, about twelve feet wide at its mouth, ran up between trees, gradually widening until it was thirty feet across. Furse oared up it gently. There was no current here, and the dribble of water behind the dinghy made a low, pleasant sound in the shadow of the trees.

Suddenly, the trees dropped away and the cut opened out into a basin, lined on its left with a rough timber quay and shoaling away elsewhere to low grass banks. The bank ahead of

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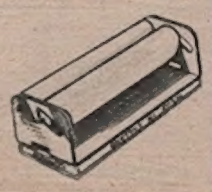

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SONIA'S a secret agent. Once she was the slickest plan-pedlar in five continents. Lately she's looked more like hari-kari than Mata Hari.

"Psst," I said. "Are you A1?"

"No, *I'm C3*," *hissed Sonia.* "*Much more of thees constipation am I getting, and I queet. For a job, maybe, I sweep Polish corridor.*"

"You might start on your *own* thirty feet," I said.

"*What is thees?*" *huffed Sonia.*

"The corridor I mean," I said, "is the little red lane down which all your meals have to go — the thirty feet of piping inside you. When you eat a lot of soft, starchy food the intestinal muscles find nothing to pull at, and they don't function properly."

"*What 'appens then?*" *cringed Sonia.*

"'Hold-up on the Aliment Express,'" I quoted. "'Passport difficulties wreck spy-system.' In other words, you get constipated. What you need," I said, "is bulk."

"*Another purge?*" *groaned Sonia.*

"Certainly not —" I said, "All-Bran for breakfast *every* morning. All-Bran's great to eat, and it gives those muscles the *bulk* they need. It'll soon get you 'regular.'"

"*I 'ope,*" *sniffed Sonia, and slunk.*

The next time I saw her, Sonia was looking radiant — as if she'd just sold the plans of the 39 steppes. "Hi, spy," I said. "You look well."

"*Also, I feel it,*" *purred Sonia.* "*That All-Bran is* wonderful. *It made me 'regular' in only four days. How did* you *learn about it?*"

"Inside information," I said.

WHY KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN SURELY AND GENTLY RELIEVES CONSTIPATION

Eaten with absolute regularity, Kellogg's All-Bran gives your system "bulk" to prevent constipation. All-Bran's "bulk" enables bowel muscles to keep naturally active, and so to sweep and clear the intestinal tract, thoroughly and regularly. Result: your whole body keeps fresh and active, and you are always physically and mentally alert. All-Bran is delicious for breakfast, or in buns or cakes. All grocers have it.

"You'd scarcely believe he's the irrepressible Charlie Arkwright that I married, would you?"

him was broken by a small brick archway, covered with an iron grille, through which the waters of a ditch were fed into the basin. There was a motor boat tied up alongside the quay. Furse went alongside and climbed on to the timbers.

Beyond the basin and approached by a gravel path was a house. Until now it had been masked by the trees that lined the lower end of the island. It sat there, flanked by poplars, its red brick flushed to a warm glow by the setting sun. The façade was broken by three gables, their lines standing out in graceful arabesques against the pale green of the eastern sky. There was a courtyard in front, surrounded by a brick wall that merged on the left with a run of stables and other out-buildings.

FURSE walked slowly along the gravel path. In this house had lived and died Johannus Vliegen—who had already cost him twenty guilders, he thought wryly. But had Vliegen, or this house, anything to do with a German naval captain who had written the words *Zeven Vliegen* on a map overlay?

He had his hand on the wrought-iron gateway that led into the yard and was about to push it open when he stopped.

His mouth went suddenly dry, and he felt the quick excitement of his heart beating. He was staring at the gateway. Its fine iron tracery was worked with whorls and volutes of flowers. Scattered among the flowers, stiff and archaic in outline, were seven enormous flies. Excitement rose swiftly in him. This was it.

He lit a cigarette and his hand was steady, though he knew that inwardly there was a fine tremor in him, the tenseness delayed until this moment of realizing just what lay within his grasp.

A man came out of the house and walked across the yard towards him. He was in his shirt-sleeves, wearing a dark leather waistcoat which looked as though it never left him, its creases rubbed shiny and bare like the hide of an animal. The yellow clogs on his feet made a clatter on the ground. He came right up to the gate and stared at Furse through the tracery.

"You want something, *mynheer*?"

The voice was soft, a little hesitant, as if he feared that even in a simple phrase there was always the danger of giving offence.

"I was just looking round," said Furse. "I hope you don't mind. I wondered, too, if you might have some eggs to sell? My boat's anchored across the river."

They spoke in Dutch.

"Only duck eggs." A hand reached out and the gate swung open. It moved gently on well-oiled rests.

"They'll do." Furse gave him a smile as he stepped in.

"In the dairy. You are English?"

"Yes. English. You own the house and farm?"

"Yes. It is all mine." There was a touch of pride in his voice, and, moving with him to the dairy in one corner of the yard, Furse could understand the pride. Nothing was out of place. Everything shone or was in spotless order: the paintwork, the brick pointing, the neat little flower beds, the midden within its concrete retaining walls.

As they went into the dairy, Furse commented on the neatness of the farm. The man chuckled.

"In Holland that is not unusual. And anyway, Nature is such an untidy creature that a good farmer must learn to keep her in order if he wants to live happily with her. You taste that." He dipped a measure of milk from one of the cans and handed it to Furse. "In the whole of Holland you won't find milk with a better cream content. I win prizes for it." The pride was back in his voice, but there was no note of arrogance. "In a moment I'll show you my Friesians. You have children?"

"One boy."

"My wife and I are unlucky. But my Friesians—they are my children."

A little later he led Furse to a home pasture at the back of the house. The light was going quickly and there was a slow mist coming up off the grass. The black-and-white cattle stood patiently in the deep grass, immobile now, given over to deep rumination, so that each one seemed carved and enamelled by some meticulous hand.

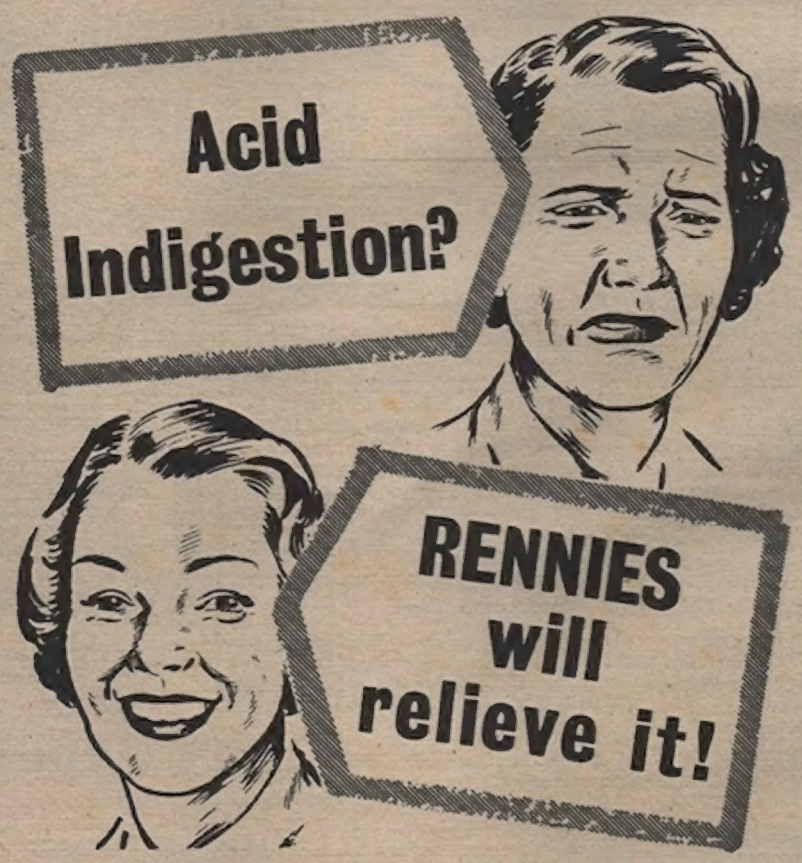
Jan Beukleman—he had given Furse his name as they talked—whistled gently and the immobility of the herd was broken by a slow movement of heads. "Each one I know," he said. "Each one from a calf I have seen grow. See that one—Kadza. She has children in many parts of the world, Africa, South America, all over."

As they turned away and walked back to the little quayside, Furse asked: "Do you and your wife run this farm without help?"

Beukleman nodded. "Yes."

"How did you get on during the war?" Furse asked casually.

Beukleman was silent for a while. Then he said, "It was hard. In the early days most of my cattle were taken. I saw a lifetime's work go—like that." He snapped his fingers. "But later it was better. We were left alone. Towards the end, you know, these waters—" he jerked his head towards the Haringvliet, "—were dangerous. Our partisans used to wait for



The pain and distress of indigestion can easily be relieved with Rennies. When you suck Rennies — just like sweets — antacids trickle into the digestive system, naturally, in your own saliva. In a matter of minutes you'll be feeling easier . . . suddenly you realise that the pain is gone. If Rennies don't relieve your indigestion, it's high time you saw your doctor. From all chemists. Prices 2/10, 1/7 and 10d.

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any German boats that came alone. But it was not something I could do. War is evil from whichever side you see it, and all soldiers are men. In the house back there we helped everyone who came to us in trouble, our own partisans, British commandos, Belgians and once or twice even Germans who needed help. You think that is wrong?"

"No, I don't think I do."

"You were a soldier then?"

Furse nodded. For a moment he wanted to ask if Jan Beukleman had ever helped a German naval captain called Walter Maserling. Then he decided against it, not because he thought Beukleman would deny it, but in order to avoid having to explain his question. The old man thought he had come to the island out of simple curiosity. He wanted to leave things like that.

Jan Beukleman walked with him across the courtyard as far as the gate. As Beukleman held it open for him, Furse nodded at the design.

"It's a nice piece of work—but why the design of the seven flies?"

Beukleman smiled. "When the house was built—that was in the early eighteenth century—it was for a family called Vliegen. There were seven of them, all brothers, and I suppose the gate was just a fanciful idea. In the end only one brother lived here. But since his time the house has changed hands two or three times."

It was almost dark when Furse reached the *Arletta*. All the way across the river the outboard engine had seemed to beat a fixed refrain in his mind. *I've got it. I've got it.* With Beukleman he had been forced to curb his excitement and hope. But now, he could give rein to his feelings. From what he remembered of the overlay, it seemed a fair supposition that the stones would be in the river somewhere. Recalling the little dotted circle and then the cross which marked the Seven Flies, he felt sure that whichever way the overlay might be oriented, the ring of dots would strike the river somewhere.

A sunken launch. It couldn't be in much more than a couple of fathoms near the island. One could dive without any elaborate outfit. A steel deed-box small enough to lift: it sounded too easy. Perhaps it was. Anyway, his job now was to get on to Charlie Ponz in Rotterdam. Between them they could fix the whole thing up.

Before he had supper, he went over the side in the dinghy and put *Arletta's* true name-plates back. He worked happily, whistling to himself. There was no doubt in him now. He was too near success to cloud this moment with anxiety about Rohner. Charlie would help him to deal with Rohner.

It was drizzling with rain the next morning. Furse was about to make himself breakfast before moving off when he heard the sound of a motor come beating across the water, the note growing louder each moment.

He put his head out of the hatchway and saw that a white motor launch was bearing down on the *Arletta*. It came across the tide clumsily, shaking its stubby bows and sending up a white splatter of foam. It was a type of craft for which Furse had no affection, a floating gin palace with a run of glass and chromium cabin-top, over-powered, and a death trap if anyone were unwise enough to take it outside the river in anything like a sea.

As it came nearer he saw that it was called the *Yssel*. He saw, too, that standing forward of the cabin trunk, a yellow oilskin wrapped loosely round him, was Rohner.

He swore to himself. He had hoped to get away from Krabbensplaat before Rohner caught him up. Dekker must have worked quickly. He dropped his hand into his jacket pocket and felt the bulk of his Luger.

If Rohner was bringing trouble, he was also going to be met with it.

To be continued next week

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The photograph on page 6 is of Michael Redgrave as a child.

£250 DOUBLED CASH for this XWORD

£200 1st Prize—£50 amongst 1st Runners-up—Up to 500 Prizes for 2nd Runners-up

INSTRUCTIONS: First complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

In adjudication all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink not pencil. Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated Oct. 11.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

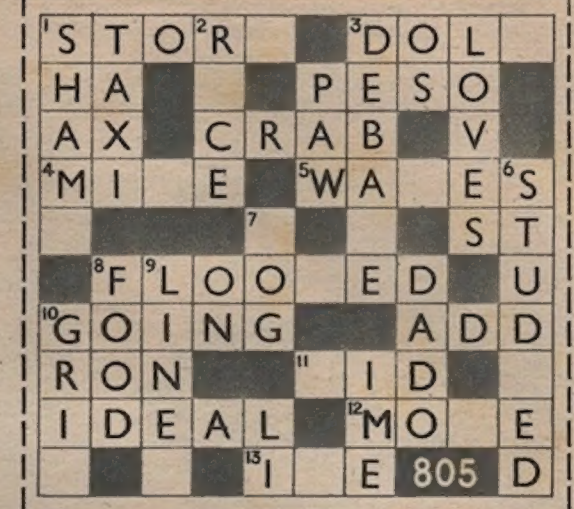
ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword No. 805, "John BULL," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Across Clues — **XWORD 805**

1. In the U.S.A. they seem to prefer one to be a whopper
3. It sometimes happens that a man's wife means little to him but
4. The way people move in this can cause quite a laugh
5. Quite remote influences may make these rise and fall
8. Teacher is foolish who is peeved because this by children's questions
11. Apt to be raised in careless fashion
12. After long, arduous day in garden a man may feel he can hardly do this
13. Average person is reluctant to swallow this quickly

Down Clues

1. The failure of quacks to effect cures must now and again make some of them feel
2. Part played by this may be mentioned in discussing differing marriage customs
3. Many people think that politics are all too easy to
6. Crossings have often to be this
7. It's rather strange when crafty criminal is found easy to
9. Ought to be torn up when no longer of any use
10. One learns to admire boss with this



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

I enclose P.O. value..... No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

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XWORD 805

Closing Postmark MONDAY, SEPT. 29

XWORD 800 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Store. 3, Man. 4, Winter. 6, Loses. 7, Rat. 10, Butter. 12, Local. 13, Lies. DOWN: 1, Skill. 2, Rivers. 3, Mean. 5, Want. 8, Tune. 9, Bull. 11, Runs.

TWO £100 SHARERS: Mrs. F. E. Hooper, 45 Westminster Road, Whitehall, Bristol, 5; Mrs. C. Temple, 19 Sugarwell Mount, Meanwood, Leeds, 7. Winners also share £25 Holiday Cash.

Awards value £25 shared by 86 entrants. Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded to 2nd Runners-up.

TWO MINUTES' THOUGHT—£500

A FEW weeks ago, thirty-four year old Scarborough teacher Mr. A. E. Harben (seen here), of 102 Gordon Street, was making some *Bullets*. "When I spotted the *Example* 'For Queen And Country,'" he told JOHN BULL, "two thoughts flashed through my mind. The great need for all of us to work like the deuce and the splendid way the Duke of Edinburgh has dedicated himself to the service both of his Royal wife and Britain. After two minutes' juggling with 'deuce' and 'Duke' I had made my *Bullet*, FOR QUEEN AND COUNTRY—WORK LIKE THE *Duke*!"

A £500 cheque plus Riviera holiday, from which he has just returned, rewarded Mr. Harben for those four words. That fortune, we hear, will hasten this winner's wedding!

Now for *your* opportunity. An amusing half-hour with this week's *Examples* can bring *you* £500 for a *Bullet*. And with your cheque will come a double invitation to London for a weekend—to celebrate your success and *Bullets* 40th Birthday.

THIS WEEK'S "BULLETS" PRIZES value over £750

£500 1st PRIZE plus CELEBRATION WEEKEND for TWO Sightseeing Tour of London, seats for the historic Lord Mayor's Show, visit to Palladium Theatre, etc., etc., and a round of thrills at *Bullets* Birthday Tea-party!

1,569 OTHER PRIZES
£50, £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 2 of £5,
10 of £2.10s., 50 of 10s.
1,500 "GOOD SHOT" AWARDS

"BULLETS" SEASONS AS BONUSES

A £1 *Bullets* Season Ticket accompanies each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

"Bullets" Winners No. 1,848

FIRST PRIZE, £500: A. J. B. Clarke, 36 Lamb Street, Carlisle:

Mother Nature
***Raised* Olive-branch—*Buried* Uranium**

£50: A. Cloud, 26 Gladys Avenue, Cowplain, Hants: SOMETHING WE CAN—"TURN" *Tide* WITH—LATHE.

£25: G. S. Irving, "Heatherlea," Blitterlees, Silloth: SOMETHING WE CAN—"FLAIL" COMMUNISM WITH—CORN.

OTHER AWARDS: £10: H. G. Cole, 39 Stirling Road, Edinburgh: STRUGGLING TO LIVE—ON "SHRINKING CRUST," MAN. £9: H. S. Murray, 198 High Road, Wealdstone, Harrow: IN THE NAUGHTY NINETIES—"HOUSE FULL"—*Church* PACKED! £8: Mrs. D. M. Kerridge, "Braeside," Black Lion Hill, Shenley, St. Albans: IT SEEMS FANTASTIC, BUT—ARMAMENTS WILL *Rebuild* GERMANY. £7: J. B. Frost, 48 Beatrice Avenue, Lipson, Plymouth: SOMETHING WE CALL—ON, WITHOUT VISITING—CHURCH? £6: A. S. Pattison, 43 Fines Road, Medomsley, Consett: WOMAN AT THE WHEEL — REASSURING POLICEMAN SAM, BRITANNIA. £5: Mrs. E. R. Lisk, 19 Palmersfield Road, Banstead, Surrey: BEHIND HIS BACK — THEY REMOVED GRANDPA'S APPENDIX! £5: F. H. Yell, 1 Avondale Avenue, E. Barnet: WOMAN AT THE WHEEL—ONLY THING INDICATORS INDICATE!

For ten winners of £2 10s. see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*.

50 *Bullets* Season Tickets and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

HOW TO WIN

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in merit order; test—cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not over 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank given.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated October 18, and in JOHN BULL dated October 25), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See *Daily Herald* on Saturday, October 11, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,853 result.)

NOTE. You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in the same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

Britannia's Umbrella
Moulding The Future
We Want Action, So
Autumn, The Artist
In Her Glory
Shedding No Tears
The Expert
Under Heavy Fire
Almost Invisible
Changed The Picture
Mr. And Mrs. Newlywed
Walking On Air
Bit Of A Wrench
If Nothing Else
Auntie's Voice
Shattered
With Fingers Crossed
A Gentleman
Thrown To The Lions
At The Sewing Circle

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

The ..... Family
Likes To Be.....
To ..... And Back
Yards Of.....
Seen In The.....
The.....Sighed And

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,853, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

EXAMPLE ..... 6d.

BULLET

EX. ..... 6d.

B. .....

EX. ..... 6d.

B. .....

EX. .....

B. ..... EXTRA TWO FOR 6d.

EX. .....

B. .....

Closing Postmark **1,853** Monday, Sept. 29

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. Value.....

No.....

Signed .....

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With this coupon (which you can enclose with your entry) send P.O. 1s. for six weeks' *Bulletin* and *Gazette* at REDUCED SERIES RATE—first copy dated October 11. **Every issue contains extra *Bullets* winners to guide you to success.**

P.O. 1s. No.....

FREE!

New entrants, simply complete this label for free and post-free specimen *Bulletin*.

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666

TWO MORE BIG OFFERS NEXT WEEK!

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